THE LOYAL SUBJECT;

OR, THE

Faithful General.

A

PLAY.

ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

By Her Majesties SERVANTS.

The AUTHORS

Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Fletcher.

With a PREFACE.

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The Loyal Subject:

OR THE

MEN:

Czar or great Duke of *Moscovy*.	Mr. *Williams*.
Archas, the Loyal Subject, General of the Forces.	Mr. *Powell*.
Theodore, Son to *Archas*, Valiant and Bold.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Putsky (alias) *Brisky*, a Captain, Brother to *Archas*.	Mr. *Griffin*.
Alinda (alias) *Archas*, Son to *Archas*.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Burris an honest Lord, the Dukes Favourite.	Mr. *Bickerstaffe*.
Borasky a Malicious seducing Counsellor to the Duke.	Mr. *Keen*.
Enfign to *Archas*, a Stout Merry Souldier.	Mr. *Johnson*.
Souldiers, Gentlemen, Guards.	

WOMEN.

Olimpia Sister to the Duke	Mrs. *Finch*.
Honoria } Daughters of *Archas*.	Mrs. *Temple*.
Viola }	Mrs. *Norris*.
Petesca } Servants to *Olimpia*.	Mrs. *Cox*,
Lady. }	Mrs. *Tapsford*.
Bawd, a Court Lady.	

Scene *MOSCO*.

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THE PREFACE.

THE Judicious and Candid will account it a Work of meer Supererogation, either to make any Apology for, or say any thing by way of Encomium on, this present Performance or its Authors; who are both universally and deservedly celebrated. This Play having been entertained with a general Approbation, not only formerly when it's Compilers were alive and able to support it both by their Character and Interest; but even now, in this our more Polite and Critical Age, being lately revived just in its own Native and Original Simplicity, without being dismembred, curtail'd, or passing the Index Expurgatorius of any of our Modern Refiners, meeting with a kind Reception suitable to its Merit; some Puny Poetaster, disguised under the Coverture of a Petticoat, hath presumed to graft his wild degenerate Crab, on this Noble Stock; but what delicious Fruit it has produced, I leave to the distinguishing Taste of the discerning and generous Encouragers of the Stage.

This spurious Brat being now handing into the World by the Midwifry of the Press, dismally Lame, Distorted, and Imperfect; and the Town having been so penetrating and judicious, as well as kind and tender, that

when this legitimate Off-spring of our Beaumont and Fletcher, appeared on the Stage the very same Day as the By-Blow did; it shewed a true Gust of Standard-Wit, and quitted the Impostor to embrace the Legitimate.

And indeed our Loyal Subject is so intirely compleat in all his Parts, and so well studied and considered in all the Incidents, that its Improvement or Correction would be a Work for the most accurate and sublime Pen.

Wherefore it might justly be accounted both Ingratitude and Injustice, not to undeceive the World by publishing him intire, from the Original, that those who were so well pleased with him on the Stage, may, when they please, be entertained by him in their Hands, and the Composers Memory and Reputation vindicated from the Imputation of such gross Absurdities and self-inconsistent Incongruities, which often occur in the new modelled ones.

THE Loyal SUBJECT; OR, THE Faithful General.

ACT I. Scene I.

Enter Theodor *and* Putskie.

Theod. CAptain, your Friend's prefer'd, the Princeſs has (her,
Who, I aſſure my ſelf, will uſe her nobly;
A pretty ſweet one 'tis, indeed.

Put. Well bred, Sir;
I do deliver that upon my Credit,
And of an honeſt Stock.

Theod. It ſeems ſo, Captain,
And no doubt will do well.

Put. Thanks to your Care, Sir;
But tell me, noble Colonel, why this Habit
Of Diſcontent is put on through the Army?
And why your valiant Father, our great General,
The Hand that taught to ſtrike, the love that lead all;
Why he, that was the Father of the War,
He that begot, and bred the Soldier,
Why he ſits ſhaking of his Arms, like *Autumn*,
His Colours folded, and his Drums Cas'd up,
The Tongue of War for ever ty'd within us?

Theod. It muſt be ſo: Captain, you are a ſtranger,
But of a ſmall time here a Soldier,
Yet that time ſhews ye a right good, and great one

Elſe I could tell ye hours are ſtrangely alter'd:
The young Duke has too many Eyes upon him,
Too many fears, 'tis thought too, and to nouriſh thoſe,
Maintains too many Inſtruments.
Put. Turn their Hearts,
Or turn their Heels up, Heaven? 'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be.
The old Duke lov'd him dearly.
Theod. He deſerv'd it;
And were he not my Father, I durſt tell ye,
The memorable hazards he has run through
Deſerv'd of this Man too; highly deſerv'd too;
Had they been leſs, they had been ſafe, *Putskie*,
And ſooner reach'd regard.
Put. There you ſtrook ſute, Sir.
Theod. Did I never tell thee of a Vow he made,
Some Years before the old Duke dy'd?
Put. I have heard ye
Speak often of that Vow; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never underſtood yet. (reaſon:
Theod. I'le tell thee, then; and then thou wilt find the
The laſt great Muſter, 'twas before ye ſerv'd here,
Before the laſt Duke's Death, whoſe honour'd Bones
Now reſt in Peace, this young Prince had the ordering,
(To Crown his Father's hopes) of all the Army:
Who, to be ſhort, put all his Power to Practiſe:
Faſhion'd, and drew 'em up; but, alaſs, ſo poorly,
So raggedly and looſly, ſo unſoldier'd,
The good Duke bluſh'd, and call'd unto my Father,
Who then was General: Go *Archas* ſpeedily,
And chide the Boy, before the Soldier find him,
Stand thou between his Ignorance and them,
Faſhion their Bodies new to thy Direction;
Then draw thou up, and ſhew the Prince his Errors.
My Sire obey'd, and did ſo; with all Duty
Inform'd the Prince, and read him all Directions:
This bred diſtaſte, diſtaſte grew up to anger,
And anger into wild Words broke out thus:
Well, *Archas*, if I live but to Command here,
To be but Duke once, I ſhall then remember,
I ſhall remember truly. truſt me, I ſhall,
And by my Father's Hand; the reſt his Eyes ſpoke.

Since for my Faith and Fights, your scorn and anger
Only pursue me; if I live to that day,
That day so long expected to reward me,
By his so ever noble Hand you Swore by,
And by the Hand of Justice, never Arms more
Shall rib this Body in, nor Sword hang here, Sir:
The Conflicts I will do you Service then in,
Shall be repentant Prayers: So they parted.
The time is come; and now you know the wonder.

Put. I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,
The Duke will have but poor and slight Defences
If his hot Humour raign, and not his Honour:
How stand you with him, Sir?

Theod. A perdue Captain,
Full of my Father's Danger.

Put. He has rais'd a young Man,
They say a slight young Man, I know him not,
For what desert?

Theod. Believe it, a brave Gentleman,
Worth the Duke's respect, a clear, sweet, Gentleman,
And of a noble Soul: Come, let's retire us,
And wait upon my Father, who, within this hour,
You will find an alter'd Man.

Put. I am sorry for't, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Olimpia, *and two Gentlewomen.*

Olim. Is't not a handsom Wench?

2 *Wom.* She is well enough, Madam:
I have seen a better Face, and a straiter Body,
And yet she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Olim. What think'st thou, *Petesca*?

Petes. Alass, Madam, I have no skill, she has a black Eye
Which is of the least too, and the dullest Water:
And when her Mouth was made, for certain, Madam,
Nature intended her a right good Stomach.

Olim. She has a good hand.

2 *Wom.* 'Tis good enough to hold fast.
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a Lure.

Olim. What think ye of her Colour?

Petes. If it be her own,

'Tis good black Blood; right Weather-proof,
I warrant it.
2 *Wom.* What a ſtrange pace ſhe'as got!
Olim. That's but her Breeding.
Peteſ. And what a manly Body? Methinks ſhe looks
As though ſhe would pitch the Bar, or go to Buffets.
2 *Wom.* Yet her behaviour's utterly againſt it,
For me thinks ſhe is too baſhful.
Olim. Is that hurtful?
2 *Wom.* Even equal to too bold; either of 'em, Madam,
May do her Injury when time ſhall ſerve her.
Olim. You diſcourſe learnedly, call in the Wench. *Ex. Gent.*
What envious Fools are you? Is the Rule general,
That Women can ſpeak handſomly of none,
But thoſe they are bred withall?
Peteſ. Scarce well of thoſe, Madam,
If they believe they may out-ſhine 'em any way:
Our natures are like Oyl, compound us with any thing,
Yet ſtill we ſtrive to ſwim o'th' top;
Suppoſe there were here now,
Now in this Court of *Moſco*, a ſtrange Princeſs,
Of Blood and Beauty equal to your Excellence,
As many Eyes and Services ſtuck on her;
What would you think?
Olim. I would think ſhe might deſerve it.
Peteſ. Your Grace ſhall give me leave not to believe ye;
I know you are a Woman, and ſo humour'd;
I'le tell ye, Madam, I could then get more Gowns on ye,
More Caps and Feathers, more Scarfs, and more ſilk Stockings,
With rocking you a-ſleep with nightly railings
Upon that Woman, then if I had nine lives I could wear out; by this hand ye' would ſcratch her Eyes out.
Olim. Thou art deceiv'd, Fool; { *Enter Gentlewomen and* Alinda.
Now let your own Eyes mock ye.
Come hither, Girl; hang me, and ſhe be not a handſom one.
Peteſ. I fear it will prove, indeed, ſo.
Olim. Did you ever ſerve yet
In any place of Worth?
Alin. No, Royal Lady. *Peteſ.* Hold up your Head; fie.
Olim. Let her alone, ſtand from her.
Alin. It ſhall be now,
Of all the Bleſſings my poor youth has pray'd for,

The greateſt and the happieſt to ſerve you;
And might my promiſe carry but that Credit
To be believ'd, becauſe I am yet a ſtranger,
Excellent Lady, when I fall from Duty,
From all the Service that my Life can lend me,
May ever-laſting miſery then find me.

Olim. What think ye now? I do believe, and thank ye;
And ſure I ſhall not be ſo far forgetful,
To ſee that honeſt Faith die unrewarded:
What muſt I call your Name?

Alin. *Alinda*, Madam. *Olim.* Can ye Sing?

Al. A little, when my Grief will give me leave, Lady.

Olim. What Grief can'ſt thou have, Wench?
Thou art not in Love?

Al. If I be, Madam, 'tis only with your Goodneſs;
For yet I never ſaw that Man I ſigh'd for.

Olim. Of what Years are you?

Al. My Mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this Land was bleſt
With your moſt happy Birth, I firſt ſaluted
This World's fair light: Nature was then ſo buſy,
And all the Graces, to adorn your Goodneſs,
I ſtole into the World poor and neglected

Olim. Something there was, when I firſt look'd upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee; now I know it;
And you ſhall find that Knowledge ſhall not hurt you:
I hope ye are a Maid?

Al. I hope ſo too, Madam;
I am ſure for any Man; and were I otherwiſe,
Of all the ſervices my hopes could point at,
I durſt not Touch at yours.

Flouriſh. *Enter* Duke, Burris *and* Gent.

Pet. The great Duke, Madam. *Duk.* Good morrow, Siſter.

Olim. A good day to your Highneſs.

Duk. I am come to pray you uſe no more Perſuaſions
For this old ſtubborn Man; nay, to Command ye;
His Sail is ſwell'd too full; he is grown too inſolent,
Too Self-affected, proud, thoſe poor ſlight Services
He has done my Father, and my ſelf, has blown him
To ſuch a pitch, he flies to ſtoop our favours.

Olim. I am ſorry, Sir; I ever thought thoſe Services
Both Great and Noble.

Bur.

Bur. However, may it pleaſe ye
But to conſider 'em a true Heart's Servants,
Done out of Faith to you, and not ſelf-fame:
But to conſider, Royal Sir, the dangers;
When you have ſlept ſecure, the mid-night Tempeſts,
That as he marcht, ſung through his aged Locks;
When you have fed at full, the Wants and Famines;
The Fires of Heaven, when you have found all temperate,
Death with his thouſand Doors——

Duk. I have conſidered;
No more; and that I will have, ſhall be.

Olim. For the beſt,
I hope, all ſtill.

Duk. What handſom Wench is that there?

Olim. My Servant, Sir.

Duk. Prethee, obſerve her, *Burris.*
Is ſhe not wondrous handſom? Speak thy freedom.

Bur. She appears no leſs to me, Sir.

Duk. Of whence is ſhe?

Ol. Her Father I am told is a good Gentleman,
But far off dwelling; her deſires to ſerve me
Brought her to the Court, and her Friends have left her.

Duk. She may find better Friends:
Ye are welcome, fair One,
I have not ſeen a ſweeter: By your Ladies leave:
Nay, ſtand up ſweet, we'll have no ſuperſtition:
You have got a Servant; you may uſe him kindly,
And he may honour ye: } *Exit* Duke *and* Burris.
Good morrow, Siſter.

Ol. Good morrow to your Grace. How the Wench bluſhes?
How like an Angel now ſhe looks?

1 *Wom.* At firſt Jump,
Jump into the Duke's Arms? We muſt look to you,
Indeed, we muſt, the next jump we are Journey-men.

Pet. I ſee the ruin of our hopes already,
Would ſhe were at home again, milking her Father's Cows.

1 *Wo.* I fear ſhe'll milk all the great Courtiers firſt.

Olim. This has not made ye proud?

Al. No, certain Madam.

Ol. It was the Duke that kiſs'd ye.

Al. 'Twas your Brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but Honour.

Ol. But ſay he love ye?

Al.

Al. That he may with safety:
A Prince's love extends to all his Subjects.
Ol. But say in more particular?
Al. Pray, fear not;
For Vertue's sake deliver me from doubts, Lady:
'Tis not the name of King, nor all his Promises,
His Glories, and his Greatness stuck about me,
Can make me prove a Traitor to your service;
You are my Mistriss, and my noble Master,
Your Vertues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my Love, and all my Fortune;
And when I fail in that faith——
Ol. I believe thee,
Come wipe your Eyes; I do: Take you example——
Petes. I would her Eyes were out.
1 *Wom.* If the Wind stand in this door,
We shall have but cold Custom; some Trick or other,
And speedily.
Petes. Let me alone to think on't.
Ol. Come, be you near me still.
Al. With all my duty. *Exeunt.*

Scene 3. *Enter* Archas, Theodor, Putskie, Ancient, *and Soldiers, carrying his Armour piece-meal, his Colours wound up, and his Drums in Cases.*

Theod. This is the heaviest march we e're trod, Captain.
Puts. This was not wont to be; these honour'd Pieces
The fiery God of War himself would smile at,
Buckl'd upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like Relicks to be offer'd to long rust,
And heavy-ey'd oblivion-brood upon 'em
Arch. There set 'em down; and glorious War farewel;
Thou Child of Honour, and ambitious Thoughts,
Begot in Blood, and nurs'd with Kingdoms ruines;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy Followers
Through Fires and Famines, for one Title from thee,
Prodigal Man-kind spending all his Fortunes;
A long farewel I give thee: Noble Arms,
You Ribs for mighty Minds, you Iron-houses,
Made to defy the thunder-claps of Fortune,
Rust and consuming Time must now dwell with yee:
And thou good Sword that knewst the way to Conquest,

Upon whose fatal edge Despair and Death dwelt,
That when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,
Sleep now from Blood, and grace my Monument:
Farewel my Eagle; when thou flew'st, whole Armies
Have stoopt below thee: At Passage I have seen thee,
Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy fury;
And bang 'em up together, as a Tassel,
Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful Pigeons.
I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd,
The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his head up,
And rais'd his Waters high, to see the Ruins,
The ruins our Swords made, the bloody ruins;
Then flew this Bird of Honour bravely, Gentlemen;
But these must be forgotten; so must these too,
And all that tend to Arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em you holy Men; my Vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
And sacred Rites of War to adorn the Temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the World, their Master
Is now Devotion's Soldier, fit for Prayer,
Why do ye hang your heads? Why look you sad, Friends?
I am not dying yet. *Theod.* Ye are indeed to us, Sir.
Putf. Dead to our Fortunes, General.
Arch. You'l find a better,
A greater, and a stronger Man to lead ye,
And to a stronger Fortune: I am old Friends,
Time, and the Wars together make me stoop, Gentlemen,
Stoop to my Grave; my Mind unfurnish'd too,
Empty and weak as I am; my poor Body,
Able for nothing now but Contemplation,
And that will be a Task too to a Soldier:
Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
Of what I have done, I think I should have ventur'd
For one knock more, I should have made a shift yet
To have broke one Staff more handsomly, and have died
Like a good Fellow, and an honest Soldier,
In the head of ye all, with my Sword in my hand,
And so have made an end of all with credit.
Theod. Well, there will come an hour, when all these In-
These secure slights—— (juries
Ar. Ha! no more of that, Sirrah,
Not one Word more of that, I charge ye.

Theod. I muſt ſpeak, Sir.
And may that Tongue forget to ſound your Service,
That's Dumb to your Abuſes.
Ar. Underſtand, Fool,
That voluntary I ſit down.
Theod. You are forc'd, Sir,
Forc'd for your Safety; I too well remember
The time and cauſe, and I may live to curſe 'em,
You made this Vow, and whoſe un-nobleneſs,
Indeed, forgetfulneſs of Good———
Ar. No more.
As thou art mine, no more.
Theo. Whoſe doubts and Envies—
But the Devil will have his due.
Putſ. Good gentle Colonel,
Theo. And though diſgraces, and contempt of Honour
Reign now, the Wheel muſt turn again.
Ar. Peace, Sirrah,
Your Tongue's too ſaucy; do you ſtare upon me?
Down with that heart, down ſuddenly, down with it.
Down with that Diſobedience; tye that Tongue up.
Theo. Tongue!
Ar. Do not provoke me to forget my Vow, Sirrah,
And draw that fatal Sword again in anger,
Putſ. For Heaven's ſake, Colonel.
Ar. Do not let me doubt
Whoſe Son thou art, becauſe thou can'ſt not ſuffer:
Do not play with mine anger; if thou doſt
By all the Loyalty my heart holds———
Theo. I have done, Sir,
Pray pardon me.
Ar. I pray ye be worthy of it:
Beſhrew your Heart, you have vext me.
Theo. I am ſorry, Sir.
Ar. Go to, no more of this; be true and honeſt,
I know ye are Man enough, mold it to juſt ends,
And let not my diſgraces; then I am miſerable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

Flouriſh. *Enter* Duke, Burris, Boroskie, *Attend. and Gent.*

Putſ. And't pleaſe ye, Sir, the Duke

Duk. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of this Ceremonious Emblem?
Ar. Your Grace should first remember——
Boroſ. There's his Nature.
Duk. I do, and shall remember still that Injury.
That at the Muster, where it pleas'd your greatness
To laugh at my poor Souldiership, to scorn it;
And more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my Hands my charge.
Bur. O think not so, Sir.
Du. And in my Father's sight.
Ar. Heaven be my Witness,
I did no more, (and that with modesty,
With Love and Faith to you) then was my Warrant,
And from your Father Seal'd: nor durst that Rudeness
And impudence of scorn fall from my Haviour,
I ever yet knew Duty.
Duk. We shall teach ye:
I well remember too, upon some Words I told ye,
Then at that time, some angry Words, ye answer'd,
If ever I were Duke, you were no Soldier.
You have kept your Word, and so it shall be to you.
From henceforth I dismiss ye; take your ease, Sir.
Ar. I humbly thank your Grace; this wasted Body,
Beaten and bruis'd with Arms, dry'd up with troubles,
Is good for nothing else but quiet, now, Sir,
And holy Prayers; in which, when I forget
To thank high Heaven for all your bounteous favours,
May that be Deaf, and my Petitions perish. (pride in?
Boroſ. What a smooth humble Cloak he has cas'd his
And how he has pull'd his Claws in? There's no trusting--
Bur. Speak for the best. *Bor.* Believe I shall do ever.
Du. To make ye understand we feel not yet
Such Death of Valour and Experience,
Such a declining Age of doing Spirits,
That all should be confin'd within your Excellence,
And you, or none be honour'd, take *Boroskie*
The place he has Commanded, lead the Soldier;
A little time will bring thee to his Honour,
Which has been nothing but the World's Opinion,
The Soldiers fondness, and a little fortune,
which I believe his Sword had the least share in.

Theo. O that I durſt but anſwer now.
Putſ. Good Colonel.
Theo. My heart will break elſe; Royal Sir, I know not
What you eſteem Men's lives, whoſe hourly Labours,
And loſs of Blood, Conſumptions in your Service,
Whoſe Bodies are acquainted with more Miſeries,
And all to keep you ſafe, then Dogs or Slaves are.
His Sword the leaſt ſhare gain'd?
Du. You will not fight with me?
Theo. No, Sir, I dare not,
You are my Prince; but I dare ſpeak to ye,
And dare ſpeak truth, which none of their Ambitions,
That be Informers to you, dare once think of;
Yet truth will now but anger ye; I am ſorry for't.
And ſo I take my leave.
Du. Ev'n when you pleaſe, Sir.
Ar. Sirrah, ſee me no more.
Du. And ſo may you too:
You have a Houſe ith' Country, keep you there, Sir,
And when you have rul'd your ſelf, teach your Son Man-
For this time I forgive him. (ners.
Ar. Heaven forgive all,
And to your Grace a happy and long Rule here.
And you Lord General, may your Fights be proſperous.
In all your Courſe, may Fame and Fortune Court you.
Fight for your Country, and your Prince's Safety;
Boldly and bravely face your Enemy,
And when you ſtrike, ſtrike with that killing Vertue,
As if a general Plague had ſeiz'd before ye;
Danger, and Doubt, and Labour caſt behind ye,
And then come home an old and noble ſtory.
Bur. A little comfort, Sir.
Du. As little as may be:
Farewel, you know your Limit. *Exit Duke, &c.*
Bur. Alas, brave Gentleman.
Ar. I do, and will obſerve it ſuddenly:
My Grave; I, that's my limit: 'Tis no new thing.
Nor that can make me ſtart, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim Soldier now:
I have ſeen him in his ſowreſt Shapes and dreadfulleſt;
I, and I thank my honeſty, have ſtood him:
That audits caſt: Farewel my honeſt Soldiers,

Give me your Hands: Fatewell, farewell good *Ancient*,
A ſtout Man, and a true, thou art come in Sorrow.
Bleſſings upon your Swords, may they ne'er fail you.
You do but change a Man; your Fortune's conſtant:
That by your ancient Valours is ty'd faſt ſtill:
Be Valiant ſtill and Good; and when you fight next,
When flame and fury make but one face of Horror,
When the greateſt reſt of all your Honour's up,
When you would think a ſpell to ſhake the Enemy,
Remember me; my Prayers ſhall be with ye.
So once again farewel.

Putſ. Let's wait upon ye.

Ar. No, no, it muſt not be: I have now left me
A ſingle Fortune to my ſelf: no more,
Which needs no train, nor complement: Good Captain,
You are an honeſt, and a ſober Gentleman,
And one I think has lov'd me.

Putſ. I am ſure on't.

Ar. Look to my Boy, he's grown too Head-ſtrong for me,
And if they think him fit to carry Arms ſtill,
His Life is theirs: I have a Houſe ith' Country,
And when your better Hours will give you Liberty
See me: you ſhall be welcom. Fortune to ye. *Exit.*

Anc. I'le cry no more, that will do him no good,
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no Money:
I'le fight no more, and that will do them harm;
And if I can do that I care not for Money: (too
I could have curſt reaſonably well, and I have had the luck
To have 'em hit ſometimes: Whoſoever thou art,
That like a Devil did'ſt poſſeſs the Duke
With theſe malitious thoughts; mark what I ſay to thee,
A Plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.

Sold. O, take the Pox too:

An. They'll cure one another:
I muſt have none but kills, and thoſe kill ſtinking:
Or, look ye, let the ſingle Pox poſſeſs them,
Or Pox upon Pox.

Putſ. That's but ill i'th' Arms, Sir.

Anc. 'Tis worſe i'th' Legs, I would not wiſh it elſe:
And may thoſe grow to Scabs as big as Mole-hils,
And twice a Day, the Devil with a Curry-Comb
Scratch 'em, and ſcrub 'em, I warrant him he has 'em.

Sold.

Sold. May he be ever lowzy.
Anc. That's a pleasure,
The Beggar's Leachery: Sometimes the Soldier's:
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands;
And Maggots breed in's Brains.
2 *Soul.* I marrie, Sir,
May he fall Mad in love with his Grand-mother,
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his Mouth,
And one fall cross his Throat, then let him gargel.
Put. Now, what's the matter? *Enter an Express.*
Exp. Where's the Duke, pray Gentlemen?
Put. Keep on your way, you cannot miss. *Exp.* I thank ye. *Exit.*
An. If he be married, may he dream he's Cuckold,
And when he wakes, believe, and swear he saw it:
Sue a Divorce, and after find her honest:
Then in a pleasant Pig-sty, with his own Garters,
And a fine running Knot, ride to the Devil.
Put. If these would do——
An. I'le never trust my mind more,
If all these fail.
1 *Sold.* What shall we do now, Captain?
For by this honest hand I'le be torn a-pieces,
Unless my old General go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more:
I can make a Shooe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the Leg well.
Anc. Fight? 'tis likely.
No, there will be the sport, Boys, when there's need on's.
They think that t'other Crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden Coat of Captain *Cankro Boroskie*: What a noise his very Name carries?
'Tis Gun enough to fright a Nation,
He need no Soldiers; if he do, for my part,
I promise ye, he's like to seek 'em; so, I think, you think too,
And all the Army: No, honest brave old *Archas*,
We cannot so soon leave thy Memory,
So soon forget thy goodness; he that does,
The Scandal, and the Scum of Arms be counted.
Put. You much rejoice me; now you have hit my meaning:
I durst not press ye, till I found your Spirits.
Continue thus.
Anc. I'le go and tell the Duke on't. *Enter 2d. Exp.*
Put. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,
When once Occasion comes: Another Packet.
From whence, Friend, come ye?
2 *Exp:* From the Borders, Sir.
Put. What News, Sir, I beseech ye?
2 *Exp.* Fire and Sword, Gentlemen;

The *Tartar*'s up, and with a mighty force,
Comes forward like a Tempest, all before him
Burning and killing.

Anc. Brave Boys; brave News, Boys.

2 *Exp.* Either we must have present help—— *Anc.* Still braver.

2 *Exp.* Where lies the Duke? *Sold.* He's there.

2 *Exp.* 'Save ye Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee:
Now the time's come.

Put. I now 'tis come, indeed, and now stand firm, Boys,
And let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This City would make a marvelous fine Bone-fire;
'Tis old dry Timber, and such Wood has no fellow.

2 *Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon, and whining,
Like so many Pigs in a storm,
When they hear the News once. { *Enter* Boroskie,
Put. Here's one has heard it already, { *and Servants.*
Room for the General.

Boros. Say I am fain exceeding sick o'th' suddain,
And am not like to live.

Put. If ye go on, Sir,
For they will kill ye certainly; they look for ye.

Anc. I see your Lordship's bound; take a suppository,
'Tis I, Sir; a poor cast Flag of yours. The foolish *Tartars*
They burn and kill, and 't like your Honour, kill us,
Kill with Guns, with Guns, my Lord, with Guns, Sir.
What says your Lordship to a Chick in sorrel Sops?

Put. Go, go thy ways, old True-penny;
Thou hast but one fault; Thou art ev'n too valiant.
Come to th' Army, Gentlemen, and let's make them acquainted.

Sold. Away, we are for ye. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Alinda, *and two Gentlewomen.*

Al. Why, whither run ye, fools; will ye leave my Lady?

Petes. The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes.

Al. Why, let him,
I had thought you had fear'd no Men; upon my Conscience,
You have try'd their strengths already; stay, for shame.

Pet. Shift for thy self, *Alinda.* *Exit.*

Al. Beauty bless ye:
Into what Groom's Feather-bed will ye creep now?
And there mistake the Enemy: Sweet Youths ye are,
And of a constant Courage: Are you afraid of Foyning?

Enter Olimpia.

Olim. O my good Wench, what shall become of us
The Posts come hourly in, and bring new danger;
The Enemy is past the *Volga*, and bears hither
With all the Blood and Cruelty he carries,
[illegible] now will find his fault.

Al.

Al. I doubt me.
Somewhat too late to, Madam; but pray fear not,
All will be well, I hope. Sweet, Madam, ſhake not.
Ol. How cam'ſt thou by this Spirit? Our Sex trembles.
Al. I am not unacquainted with theſe Dangers:
And you ſhall know my truth; for e're you periſh,
A hundred Swords ſhall paſs through me; 'tis but dying,
And, Madam, we muſt do it; the manner's all:
You have a Princely Birth, take Princely thoughts to ye,
And take my Councel too; go preſently,
With all the haſte ye have, (I will attend ye)
With all the poſſible ſpeed, to old Lord *Archas*,
He honours ye; with all your Art perſwade him,
('Twill be a diſmal time elſe) wooe him hither,
But hither, Madam; make him ſee the danger;
For your new General looks like an Aſs;
There's nothing in his Face but Loſs.
Olim. I'le do it,
And thank thee, ſweet *Alinda*: Oh, my Jewel,
How much I am bound to love thee; by this hand, Wench
If thou wert a Man———
Al. I would I were to fight for ye,
But haſte, dear Madam.
Ol. I need no ſpurs, *Alinda*. *Exeunt.*

Scene. V. *Enter* Duke, 2 *Exp. Attendants, Gent.*

Duk. The Lord General ſick now? Is this a time
For Men to creep into their Beds; What's become *Expreſs*
Of my Lieutenant?
Exp. Beaten, and't pleaſe your Grace.
And all his Forces routed.
Duk. That's but cold News. *Enter a Gent.*
How now, what good News? Are the Soldiers ready?
Gent. Yes, Sir, but fight they will not, nor ſtir from that place
They ſtand in now, unleſs they have Lord *Archas*
To lead 'em out; they rail upon this General,
And ſing Songs of him, ſcurvy Songs, to worſe Tunes:
And much they ſpare not you, Sir; here they ſwear
They'll ſtand and ſee the City burnt, and dance about it,
Unleſs Lord *Archas* come, before they fight for't.
It muſt be ſo, Sir.
Duk. I could wiſh it ſo too:
And to that end I have ſent Lord *Burris* to him;
But all I fear will fail; we muſt die, Gentlemen,
And one ſtroke we'll have for't. *Enter* Burris.
What bring'ſt thou, *Burris*?
Bur. That I am loath to tell; he will not come, Sir.
I found him at his Prayers; there he tells me,
The Enemy ſhall take him, fit for Heaven:

I urg'd to him all our Dangers, his own Worths,
The Countries ruin: Nay, I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He ſhook his Head, let fall a Tear, and pointed
Thus with his Finger to the Ground; a Grave
I think he meant; and this was all he anſwer'd.
Your Grace was much too blame.
Where's the new General? *Duke.* He is ſick, poor Man.
Bur. He's a poor Man indeed, Sir:
Your Grace muſt needs go to the Soldier.
Duke. They have ſent me Word
They will not ſtir. They rail at me,
And all the ſpight they have——
What ſhout is that there?
Is the Enemy come ſo near?
Olim. I have brought him, Sir;
At length I have woo'd him thus far.
Duke. Happy Siſter;
O bleſſed Woman!
Olim. Uſe him nobly, Brother;
You never had more need: And Gentlemen,
All the beſt Powers ye have, to Tongues turn preſently,
To winning and perſwading Tongues; all my Art,
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arm him: And good, my Lord,
Though I exceed the Limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happineſs to bring ye hither,
And not to urge yee farther: Yet, ſee your Country,
Out of your own ſweet Spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the Miſeries,
Of every ſide the Fears: O ſee the Dangers;
We find 'em ſooneſt, therefore hear me firſt, Sir.
Duke. Next, hear your Prince;
You have ſaid you lov'd him *Archas*,
And thought your Life too little for his Service:
Think not your Vow too great now, now the time is,
And now you are brought to th' Teſt, touch right now Soldier,
Now ſhew the manly pureneſs of thy Mettle:
Now if thou beeſt that valued Man, that Vertue,
That great Obedience teaching all, now ſtand it.
What I have ſaid forget, my Youth was haſty,
And what you ſaid your ſelf forgive, you were angry.
If Men could live without their Faults, they were Gods, *Archas.*
He weeps, and holds his hands up; to him, *Burris.*
Bur. You have ſhew'd the Prince his Faults:
And like a good Surgeon you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em ſmart: He feels it,
Let 'em not feſter now, Sir: Your own Honour,
The Bounty of that Mind, and your Allegeance,

{ *Shout within. Enter* Archas, Olimpia, *and* Alinda.

'Gainſt which I take it, Heaven gives no Command, Sir,
Nor Seals no Vow, can better teach ye now
What ye have to do, then I, or this neceſſity:
Only this little's left: would ye do nobly,
And in the Eye of Honour truly Triumph?
Conquer that Mind firſt, and then Men are nothing.
Alin. Laſt, a poor Virgin kneels: for Loves ſake General,
If ever you have lov'd; for her ſake, Sir,
For your own honeſty, which is a Virgin,
Look up, and pity us, be Bold and Fortunate.
You are a Knight, a good, and noble Soldier.
And when your Spurs were given ye, your Sword buckl'd,
Then were you ſworn for Virtues cauſe, for Beauties,
For Chaſtity to ſtrike: ſtrike now, they ſuffer:
Now draw your Sword, or elſe you are recreant,
Only a Knight ith' Heels, ith' Heart a Coward:
Your firſt Vow honour made, your laſt but Anger. (too?
Ar. How like my virtuous Wife this thing looks, ſpeaks
So would ſhe chide my Dulneſs: fair one I thank ye:
My gracious Sir, your Pardon, next your Hand:
Madam, your Favour, and your Prayers: Gentlemen,
Your Wiſhes and your Loves; and pretty ſweet one,
A favour for your Soldier. *Olim.* Give him this Wench.
Al. Thus do I tye on Victory.
Ar. My Armour,
My Horſe, my Sword, my tough Staff, and my Fortune,
And *Olin* now I come to ſhake thy Glory.
Duke. Go Brave and Proſperous, our Loves go with thee.
Olim. Full of thy Vertue, and our Prayers attend thee.
Bur. &c. Loaden with Victory, and we to Honour thee.
Al. Come home ye Son of Honour,
And I'll ſerve ye. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. Scene I.

Enter Duke, Burris, *and Two Gentlemen.*

Duke. NO news of *Archas* yet?
Bur. But now, and't pleaſe ye
A Poſt came in, Letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: He ſaw the Armies joyn,
The Game of Blood begun, and by our General,
Who never was acquainted but with Conqueſt

So bravely fought, he saw the *Tartars* shaken,
And there he said he left 'em. *Duke.* Where's *Boroskie?*
1 *Gen.* He is up again, and't please ye.
Bur. Sir, me thinks
This News should make ye lightsome, bring Joy to ye,
It strikes our Hearts with general Comfort. *Ex. Du.*
Gone? What should this mean, so suddenly?
He's well? 2. *Gent.* We see no other.
1. Would the rest were well too,
That put these Starts into him.
Bur. I'll go after him.
2. 'Twill not be fit, Sir: h'as some Secret in him
He would not be disturb'd in: know you any thing
Has crost him since the General went?
Bur. Not any.
If there had been, I am sure I should have found it;
Only I have heard him oft complain for Money;
Money he says he wants. 1. It may be that then.
Bur. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it cannot be. *Enter* Duke *and* Boroskie.
1. He comes back, and Lord *Boroskie* with him.
Bur. There the Game goes,
I fear some new thing hatching.
Duke. Come hether *Burris*,
Go see my Sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little Mistriss give this Token;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.
Bur. Yes, I shall Sir. *Ex.* Bur. *and* Gen.
Duke. Wait you without: I would yet try him further.
Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss: has your Grace heard yet
Of what he has done i'th' Field?
Duke. A Post but now
Came in, who saw 'em joyn, and has deliver'd,
The Enemy gave Ground before he parted. *Bor.* 'Tis well.
Duke. Come, speak thy mind, Man: 'tis not for fighting
And noise of War I keep thee in my Bosom,
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my Childhood
Thou brought'st me up: and like another nature,
Made good all my Necessities: speak boldly.
Bor. Sir, what I utter, will be thought but Envy,
Though I intend, high heaven knows, but your honour,
When vain and empty People shall proclaim me—

Duke.

Duke. Do you fear me for your Enemy?
Speak on your Duty.
Bor. Then I muſt, and dare, Sir.
When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him not,
Take heed he meet not with their Loves and Praiſes,
That Glaſs will ſhew him ten times greater, Sir,
And make him ſtrive to make good that Proportion,
Then e're his fortune bred him, he is honourable,
At leaſt I ſtrive to underſtand him ſo,
And of a nature, if not this way poyſon'd,
Perfect enough, eaſy and ſweet, but thoſe are ſoon ſeduc'd,
He's a great Man, and what that Pill may work,
Prepar'd by general Voices of the People,
Is the end of all my Councel: only this, Sir,
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Then you know yet: there if he ſtand a while well,
But till the Soldier cool, who for their Service
You muſt pay now moſt liberally, moſt freely,
And ſhoure your ſelf into 'em; 'tis the bounty (2 *Gent.*
They follow with their Loves, and not their Bravery. *Enter*
Duke. But where's the Money? how now?
2 *Gent.* Sir, the Colonel,
Son to the Lord *Archas*, with moſt happy News
Of the *Tartars* overthrow, without here
Attends your Grace's pleaſure.
Bor. Be not ſeen, Sir,
He's a bold Fellow, let me ſtand his Thunders,
Toth' Court he muſt not come: no Bleſſing here, Sir,
No face of Favour, if you love your Honour. *Enter Theo.*
Duke. Do what you think is meeteſt; I'll retire, Sir, *Ex.*
Bor. Conduct him in, Sir,—— welcome Noble Colonel,
The. That's much from your Lordſhip: pray where's the
Bor. We hear you have beat the *Tartar.* (Duke?
The. Is he buſy, Sir? *Bor.* Have you taken *Olin* yet?
The. I would fain ſpeak with him,
Bor. How many Men have ye loſt?
The. Do's he lye this way?
Bor. I am ſure you fought it bravely. *The.* I muſt ſee him.
Bor. You cannot yet, ye muſt not, what's your Commiſ-
The. No Gentleman o'th' Chamber here? (ſion?
Bor. Why, pray ye, Sir?
Am not I fit to entertain your Buſineſs?

The. I think you are not, Sir; I am ſure ye ſhall not.
I bring no Tales, nor Flatteries: In my Tongue, Sir,
I carry no fork'd Stings. *Bor.* You keep your Bluntneſs.
The. You are deceiv'd: it keeps me: I had felt elſe
Some of your Plagues e're this: but good, Sir, trifle not;
I have buſineſs to the Duke.
Bor. He's not well, Sir, And cannot now be ſpoke withal.
The. Not well, Sir?
How would he ha' been, if we had loſt? not well, Sir?
I bring him News to make him well: his Enemy
That would have burnt his City here, and your Houſe too,
Your brave gilt Houſe, my Lord, your Honour's Hangings,
Where all your Anceſtors, and all their Battels,
Their ſilk and golden Battels are diſcipher'd,
That would not only have abus'd your Buildings, (ries,
Your goodly Buildings, Sir, and have drunk dry your Butte-
Purloin'd your Lordſhip's Plate, the Duke beſtow'd on you,
For turning handſomely o'th' toe, and trim'd your Virgins,
Trim'd 'em of a new Cut, and't like your Lordſhip,
Tis ten to one, your Wife too, and the Curſe is
You had had no Remedy againſt theſe Raſcals,
No Law, and't like your Honour; would have kill'd you too,
And roaſted ye, and eaten ye, e're this time:
Notable Knaves, my Lord, unruly Raſcals:
Theſe Youths have we tide up, put Muzzels on 'em,
And par'd their Nails, that honeſt civil Gentlemen,
And ſuch moſt noble Perſons as your ſelf is,
May live in Peace, and rule the Land with a twine Thread.
Theſe News I bring.
Bor. And were they thus deliver'd ye?
The. My Lord, I am no Pen-man, nor no Orator,
My Tongue was never oyl'd with *Here and't like ye*,
There I beſeech ye; weigh, I am a Soldier,
And Truth I cover only, no fine Terms, Sir;
I come not to ſtand treating here; my buſineſs
Is with the Duke, and of ſuch general Bleſſing——
Bor. You have overthrown the Enemy, we know it,
And we rejoyce in't; ye have done like honeſt Subjects,
You have done handſomely and well.
Theod. But, well, Sir?
But handſomely and well? What are we Juglers?
I'll do all that in cutting up a Capon.

But handſomely and well? Does your Lordſhip take us
For the Duke's Tumblers? We have done bravely, Sir,
Ventur'd our Lives like Men. *Bor.* Then bravely be it.
The. And for as brave Rewards we look, and Graces,
We have Sweat and Bled for't, Sir.
Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will ſtay the giving. Men that thank themſelves firſt,
For any good they do, take off the Luſtre,
And blot the Benefit.
Theod. Are theſe the Welcomes,
The Bells that ring out our Rewards? pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more Enemies:
Do my good Lord, Pray ſeriouſly, and Sigh too,
For if there be———
Bor. They muſt be met, and fought with.
The. By whom? by you? they muſt be met and flatter'd.
Why, what a devil ails ye to do theſe things?
With what aſſurance dare ye mock Men thus?
You have but ſingle Lives, and thoſe I take it
A Sword may find too: Why do ye dam the Duke up?
And Choak that Courſe of Love, that like a River
Should fill our empty Veins again with Comforts?
But if ye uſe theſe knick-knacks,
This faſt and looſe, with faithful Men and honeſt,
You'll be the firſt will find it.

Enter Archas, Soldiers, Putskey, Ancient, *and others.*

Boroſ. You are too untemperate.
The. Better be ſo, and Thief too, than unthankful:
Pray uſe this old Man ſo, and then we are paid all.
The Duke thanks ye for your Service, and the Court thanks ye,
And wonderful deſirous they are to ſee ye;
Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for May-games,
Pageants and Bonefires for your welcome home, Sir;
Here your moſt Noble Friend, the Lord *Boroskey*,
A Gentleman too tender of your Credit,
And ever in the Duke's Ear, for you good, Sir,
Crazy and ſickly, yet to be your Servant,
Has leapt into the open Air to meet ye. (come home, Sir,
Bor. The beſt is, your Words wound not, you are wel-
Heartily welcome home, and for your Service,
The noble Overthrow you gave the Enemy,

The Duke salutes ye see with all his Thanks, Sir.
Anc. Sure they will now regard us.
Boros. There's no reason:
But by the discovering of the Colonel's Countenance,
The rolling of his Eyes like angry Billows;
I fear the Wind's not down yet, *Ancient.*
Arch. Is the Duke well, Sir?
Boros. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an Ague,
Which cannot last; he has heard, which makes him fearful,
And loath as yet to give your Worth due welcome,
The Sickness hath been somewhat hot i'th' Army,
Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,
And more his fear than fate: yet howsoever,
An honest Care———
Anc. Ye say right, and it shall be;
For though upon my Life 'tis but a Rumour,
A meer Opinion, without Faith or Fear in't;
For, Sir, I thank Heaven, we never stood more healthy,
Never more high and lusty; yet to satisfy,
We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his Stare, we'll draw away, Sir,
And Lodge at further distance, and less danger.
Boros. It will be well. *Anc.* It will be very scurvy.
I smell it out, it Stinks abominably, Stir it no more.
Boros. The Duke, Sir, would have you too,
For a short day or two, retire to your own House,
Whither himself will come to visit ye,
And give ye thanks. *Arch.* I shall attend his Pleasure.
Anc. A Trick, a lowsy Trick; so hoa, a Trick, Boys.
Ar. How now, what's that?
Anc. I thought I had found a Hare, Sir,
But 'tis a Fox, an old Fox, shall we hunt him?
Ar. No more such Words.
Boros. The Soldiers grown too sawcy,
You must tie him straiter up. *Ar.* I do my best, Sir;
But Men of free-born Minds sometimes will fly out.
Anc. May not we see the Duke?
Boros. Not at this time, Gentlemen,
Your General knows the Cause.
Anc. We have no Plague, Sir,
Unless it be in our Pay, nor no Pox neither;

Or if we had, I hope these good old Courtier
Will not deny us place there.
Puſ. Certain, my Lord,
Conſidering what we are, and what we have done;
If not, what need ye may have, [illegible]
A great deal nobler, and [illegible]
To uſe us with more ſweetneſs;
And laſh away their Lives [illegible]
Double our Comforts; meat, [illegible]
When they Work well, they have; [illegible]
When they do well, and venture for't with Valour,
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hardly, [illegible]
And know theſe are deſerving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their Minds a little
Be ſtirr'd with Glory? 'tis a Pride becomes 'em,
A little ſeaſon'd with Ambition,
To be reſpected, reckon'd well, and honour'd
For what they have done: when to come home thus poorly,
And met with ſuch unjointed Joy, as looked on,
As if we had done no more but Dreſt a Horſe well;
So entertain'd, as if, I thank ye Gentlemen,
Take that to drink, had pow'r to pleaſe a Soldier?
Where be the Shouts, the Bells rung out, the People?
The Prince himſelf?
Ar. Peace: I perceive your Eye, Sir,
Is fixt upon this Captain for his Freedom,
And happily you find his Tongue too forward;
As I am Maſter of the place, I carry,
'Tis fit I think ſo too; but were I this Man,
No ſtronger tie upon me, than the Truth
And Tongue to tell it, I ſhould ſpeak as he do's
And think with Modeſty enough, ſuch Saints
That daily thruſt their Lives and Lives through hazards,
And fearleſs for their Country's peace, march hourly
Through all the Doors of Death, and know the darkeſt,
Should be better canoniz'd for their Service:
What Labour would theſe Men neglect, what Danger
Where Honour is, though ſeated in a Bullow,
Riſing as high as Heaven, would not theſe Soldiers,
Like to ſo many Sea-gods charge up to it?
Do you ſee theſe Swords? Time's Scithe was ne'er ſo ſharp Sir;
Nor ever at one Harveſt mow'd ſuch handfuls:

Thoughts

Thoughts ne'er so sudden, and Belief so sure,
When they are drawn, and wrought in more sometimes,
I Swim upon their Angers to allegiance,
And like a Cedar [illegible]
They are so [illegible] Nature would [illegible]
And whose are all these Glories? Why, their Princes,
Their Countries [illegible] Friends? Alas, of all these,
And all the [illegible] the Blessings,
[illegible] A little Joy them,
And out [illegible] as an upshot,
Would [illegible] Sir: But however
[illegible] Sir,
[illegible] my Example,
No [illegible] Without doubt Gentlemen,
The Duke will look [illegible]
On your Deserts: Methinks [illegible]
Bur. They shall be immediately, I stop [illegible]
[illegible]
Ar. [illegible]
And so I take my leave, Sir; when the Duke pleases
To make me worthy of his [illegible]
Bur. [illegible]
I know [illegible]
Ar. [illegible]
And all Humility, I shall attend, Sir,
Bur. Once more you are welcome home: these shall be
The. Be sure we [illegible] (dismissed.
Ar. Wait you on me, Sir. *The.* And lowsily: no Jugling.
Ar. Will ye come, Sir? *Exit.*
Bur. Pray, do not double.
The. We are no Boys. *Enter a Gent. and 2 or 3 with Money.*
Bur. Well, Sir. (Lordship.
Gent. Here's Money from the Duke, and's pleasure your
Bur. 'Tis well.
Gent. How sour the Soldiers look? *Bur.* Is't told?
Gent. Yes: and for every Company a double Pay,
And the Duke's love to all.
Anc. That's worth a Ducket.
Bur. You [illegible] Officers, see it ditcharg'd then,
Why do not ye take it up?
Anc. 'Tis too heavy: (*Tries to lift it.*
Body o'me, I have strain'd mine Arm.
Bur. Do you scorn it?

Anc.

Anc. Has your Lordſhip any Dice about ye? Sit round, Gen-
And come on, Seven for my ſhare. (tlemen.
Put. Do you think, Sir,
This is the end we fight for? Can this Dart draw us
To ſuch a ſtupid tameneſs, that our Service
Neglected, and look'd lamely on, and skewed at
With a few honourable Words, and this, is righted?
Have not we Eyes and Ears, to hear and ſee, Sir,
And Minds to underſtand the ſlight we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts, Men look on me
As if I had got 'em from a Whore, and ſhun me;
I tell my Griefs, and fear my Wants. I am anſwer'd,
Alas 'tis pity! pray Dine with me on Sunday:
Theſe are the Sores we are ſick of, the Mind's maladies,
And can this Cure 'em? You ſhould have us'd us nobly,
And for our doing well as well proclaim'd us,
To the World's eye, have ſhew'd and ſainted us,
Then ye had paid us bravely; then we had ſhin'd, Sir,
Not in this gilded Stuff, but in our Glory:
You may take back your Money.
Gent. This I fear'd ſtill. *Bor.* Conſider better, Gentlemen.
Anc. Thank your Lordſhip;
And now I'l put on my Conſidering-Cap:
My Lord, that I am no Courtier, you may gueſs it
By having no ſute to you for this Money:
For though I want, I want not this, nor ſhall not,
Whilſt you want that Civility to rank it
With thoſe Rights we expected; Money grows, Sir,
And Men muſt gather it; all is not put in one Purſe.
And that I am no Carter, I could never Whiſtle yet:
But that I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
And a fine Gentleman, and't like your Honour,
And a moſt pleaſant Companion: All you that are Witty,
Come liſt to my Ditty; come, ſet in, Boys,
With your Lordſhip's patience. *Song.*
How do you like my Song, my Lord? (ter,
Bor. Even as I like your ſelf, but 'twould be a great deal bet-
You would prove a great deal wiſer, and take this Money,
In your own phraſe I ſpeak now, Sir, and 'tis very well
You have learn'd to Sing, for ſince you prove ſo liberal,
To refuſe ſuch means as this, maintain your Voice ſtill,
'Twill prove your beſt Friend.
Anc. 'Tis a ſinging Age, Sir,
A merry Moon here now; I'le follow it:
Fidling and Fooling now, gains more than Fighting.
Bor. What is't you blench at? What would you ask? Speak free-
Sol. And ſo we dare; a Triumph for the General. (ly.
Put. And then an Honour ſpecial to his Vertue.

Anc. That we may be preferr'd that have ſerv'd for it,
And cram'd up into Favour like the Worſhipful,
At leaſt upon the City's charge made Drunk
For one whole Year; we have done 'em ten Years ſervice;
That we may enjoy our Lechery without grudging,
And mine, or thine be nothing, all Things equal,
And catch as catch may be proclaimed; that when we borrow,
And have no Will to pay again, no Law
Lay hold upon us, nor no Court controul us.
Bor. Some of theſe may come to paſs; the Duke may do 'em,
And no doubt will; the General will find too,
And ſo will you, if you but ſtay with patience: I have no Power.
Put. Nor Will: Come fellow Soldiers.
Bor. Pray be not ſo diſtruſtful.
Put. There are Ways yet,
And honeſt Ways; we are not brought up Statues.
Anc. If your Lordſhip
Have any ſilk Stockings, that have Holes i' th' heels,
Or ever an honourable Caſſock that wants Buttons,
I could have cur'd ſuch Maladies; your Lordſhip's cuſtom
And my good Ladies, if the Bones want ſetting
In her old Bodice—— *Bor.* This is Diſobedience.
Anc. Eight Pence a Day, and hard Eggs.
Put. Troop off, Gentlemen,
Some Coin we have, whilſt this laſts, or our Credits,
We'l never ſell our General's Worth for Six pence.
Ye are beholding to us.
Anc. Fare ye well, Sir,
And buy a Pipe with that: Do you ſee this Scarff, Sir?
By this Hand I'le cry Brooms in't, Birchen Brooms, Sir,
Before I eat one Bit from your Benevolence.
Now to our old Occupations again.
By your leave, Lord. *Exit.*
Bor. You will bite when your are ſharper; take up the mony.
This love I muſt remove, this fondneſs to him,
This tenderneſs of heart; I have loſt my way elſe.
There is no ſending Man, they will not take it;
They are yet too full of Pillage,
They'l dance for't ere't be long:
Come, bring it after. *Enter Duke.*
Duke. How now, refus'd their Money?
Bor. Very bravely,
And ſtand upon ſuch Terms 'tis terrible. *Du.* Where's *Archas*?
Bor. He's retir'd, Sir, to his Houſe,
According to your pleaſure, full of duty
To outward ſhew; but what within— *Duk.* Refuſe it?
Bor. Moſt confidently: 'Tis not your Revenues
Can feed them, Sir, and yet they have found a General

That

That knows no ebb of Bounty; there they eat, Sir,
And loath your Invitations.
Du. 'Tis not possible,
He's poor as they.
Bur. You'l find it otherwise.
Pray make your Journey thither presently,
And as ye go I'le open ye a Wonder,
Good, Sir, this morning. *Du.* Follow me, I'le do it. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Enter* Olimpia, Alinda, Burris, *and Gentlewomen.*

Olim. But do you think my Brother loves her?
Bur. Certain, Madam,
He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder,
Oft wishes she were nobler Born.
Olim. Do you think him honest?
Bur. Your Grace is nearer to his heart than I am,
Upon my life I hold him so.
Olim. 'Tis a poor Wench,
I would not have her wrong'd; methinks my Brother—
But I must not give Rules to his Affections;
Yet if he weigh her Worth— *Bur.* You need not fear, Madam.
Olim. I hope I shall not: Lord *Burris*
I love her well; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a Care upon her:
I do not like that Ring, from him to her;
I mean to Women of her way, such Tokens
Rather appear as Baits, than Royal Bounties:
I would not have it so.
Bur. You will not find it,
Upon my Troth, I think his most Ambition
Is but to let the World know 'has a handsom Mistriss:
Will your Grace command me any service to him?
Olim. Remember all my Duty.
Bur. Blessings crown ye:
What's your Will, Lady? [*to Alinda.*]
Al. Any thing that's honest;
And if you think it fits so poor a service,
Clad in a ragged Vertue, may reach him,
I do beseech your Lordship speak it humbly.
Bur. Fair One I will; in the best Phrase I have too,
And so I kiss your hand. *Exit.*
Al. Your Lordship's Servant.
Olim. Come hither, Wench, what art thou doing with that Ring?
Al. I am looking on the Posie, Madam.
Olim. What is't?
Al. The Jewel's [illegible] within.
Olim. But where [illegible] joy, Wench,
Where the invisible Jewel is by? Why dost thou smile so?
What unhappy Meaning has in't?

Al. Nothing, Madam,
But only thinking what ſtrange Spels theſe Rings have,
And how they Work with ſome.
Pet. I fear with you too.
Al. This could not coſt above a Crown.
Pet. 'Twill coſt you
The Shaving of your Crown, if not the Waſhing.
Olim. But he that ſent it, makes the Vertue greater.
Al. I and the Vice too, Madam: Goodneſs bleſs me:
How fit 'tis for my Finger.
2 *W.* No doubt you'll find too
A Finger fit for you.
Al. Sirrah, *Peteſca*,
What wilt thou give me for the Good that follows this?
But thou haſt Rings enough, thou art provided:
Heigh-ho, what muſt I do now?
Pet. You'll be taught that,
The eaſieſt part that e're you learnt, I warrant you.
Al. Ay me, ay me.
Pet. You will divide too, ſhortly,
Your Voice comes finely forward.
Olim. Come hither Wanton,
Thou art not ſurely as thou ſay'ſt.
Al. I would not:
But ſure there is Witchcraft in this Ring, Lady,
Lord, how my Heart leaps.
Pet. 'Twill go pit a pat ſhortly.
Al. And now methinks a thouſand of the Duke's ſhapes;
2 *W.* Will no leſs ſerve ye?
Al. In ten thouſand Smiles.
Olim. Heaven bleſs the Wench.
Al. With Eyes that will not be denied to enter;
And ſuch ſoft ſweet Embraces; take it from me,
I am undone elſe, Madam: I am loſt elſe.
Olim. What ails the Girl?
Al. How ſuddenly I'm alter'd?
And grown my ſelf again? Do not you feel it?
Olim. Wear that, and I'll wear this:
I'll try the Strength on't.
Al. How cold my Blood grows now?
Here's ſacred Vertue;
When I leave to honour this,

Every

Every Hour to pay a Kiſs,
When each Morning I ariſe,
Or I forget a Sacrifice;
When this Figure in my Faith,
And the Pureneſs that it hath,
I purſue not with my Will,
Nearer to arrive at ſtill;
When I loſe, or change this Jewel,
Fly me Faith, and Heaven be Cruel.
Olim. You have half confirm'd me;
Keep but that way ſure,
And what this Charm can do, let me endure. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Enter* Archas, Theodore, *Two Daughters*, Honora *and* Viola.

Ar. Carry your ſelf diſcretly, it concerns me,
The Duke's come in, none of your froward Paſſions,
Nor no Diſtaſtes to any; Prethee, *Theodore*,
By my Life, Boy, 'twill ruin me.
The. I have done, Sir,
So there be no foul Play he brings along with him.
Ar. What's that to you?
Let him bring what pleaſe him,
And whom, and how.
The. So they mean well———
Ar. Is't fit you be a Judge, Sirrah.
The. 'Tis fit I feel, Sir.
Ar. Get a Banquet ready,
And Dreſs your ſelves up handſomely.
The. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em Whores?
Hang up a Sign then,
And let 'em out to Livery.
Ar. Whoſe Son art thou?
The. Yours, Sir, I hope: but not of your Diſgraces.
Ar. Full Twenty thouſand Men I have commanded,
And all their Minds with this, calm'd all their Angers;
And ſhall a Boy of mine own Breed too, of mine own Blood,
One crooked Stick———
The. Pray take your way, and thrive in't,
I'll quit your Houſe; if taint or black Diſhonour
Light on ye, 'tis your own, I have no ſhare in't.

Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too———
Ar. Hast thou no Reverence? No Duty in thee?
The. This shall shew I obey ye:
I dare not stay: I would have shew'd my Love too,
And that you ask as Duty, with my Life, Sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your Hazards,
Which Heaven preserve ye from, and keep the Duke too:
And there's an end of my Wishes, God be with ye. *Exit.*
Ar. Stubborn, yet full of that we all love, Honesty,
Lord *Burris*, where's the Duke? *Enter* Burris.
Bur. In the great Chamber, Sir,
And there stays till he see you, ye have a fine House here.
Ar. A poor contented Lodge, unfit for his presence,
Yet all the Joy it hath.
Bur. I hope a great one, and for your good, brave Sir.
Ar. I thank ye, Lord:
And now my service to the Duke. *Exeunt.*
Bur. I'le wait on ye.
Enter Duke, Boroskey, *Gent. and Attendance.*
Du. May this be credited?
Ber. Disgrace me else,
And never more with favour look upon me.
Du. It seems impossible.
Bor. I cannot chuse, Sir,
Till your own Eyes behold it; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too haughty Soldier
Has been so cramm'd and fed, he cares not for ye;
Believe, or let me perish: Let your Eyes,
As you observe the House, but where I point it,
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.
Enter Archas, Burris, 2 *Daughters, and Servant.*
Du. I'le follow your Direction: Welcome *Archas*,
You are welcome home, brave Lord, we are come to visit ye,
And thank ye for your Service.
Ar. 'Twas so poor, Sir,
In true respect of what I owe your Highness,
It merits nothing.
Du. Are these fair Ones yours, Lord?
Ar. Their Mother made me think so, Sir.
Du. Stand up Ladies:
Be farewel my Heart, they are fair ones; methinks fitter

The luſter of the Court, then thus live darken'd:
I would ſee your Houſe Lord *Archas*, it appears to me,
A hanſome Pile.
Ar. 'Tis neat, but no great Structure;
Il'e be your Grace's Guide, give me the Keys there.
Du. Lead on, wee'l follow ye: Begin with the Gallery,
I think that's one.
Ar. 'Tis ſo, and 't pleaſe ye, Sir,
The reſt above are Lodgings all.
Du. Go on, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Enter* Theodore, Putskey, *and* Ancient.

Put. The Duke gone thither, do you ſay?
The. Yes, marry do I,
And all the Ducklings too: But what they'l do there.——
Put. I hope they'l crown his Service.
The. With a Cuſtard;
This is no Weather for Rewards; they crown his Service?
Rather, they go to ſhave his Crown: I was rated,
As if I had been a Dog had woried Sheep, out of Doors,
For making but a doubt.
Put. They muſt now grace him.
The. Mark but the end. [want him.
Anc. I am ſure they ſhould reward him, they cannot
The. They that want Honeſty, want any thing.
Put. The Duke is ſo noble in his own Thoughts.
The. That I grant ye,
If thoſe might only ſway him: But 'tis moſt certain.
So many new born Flies, his Light gave Life too,
Buzze in his Beams, Fleſh-Flies, and Butter-flies,
Hornets, and humming Birds, that not one Honey Bee
That's loden with true Labour, and brings home
Encreaſe, and Credit, can ſcape rifling,
And what ſhe ſucks for Sweet, they turn to Bitterneſs.
Anc. Shall we go ſee what they do, & talk our minds to 'em?
Put. That we have done too much, and to no purpoſe.
Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?
I have a great mind to be hang'd now
For doing ſome brave thing for him; a worſe end will take (me
And for an Action of no worth; not honour him?
Upon my Conſcience, even the Devil, the very Devil
(Not to belye him) thinks him an honeſt Man,
I am ſure he has ſent him Souls any times theſe 20 Years,
Able to furniſh all his Fiſhmarket.

The.

The. Leave thy Talking,
And come, let's go to Dinner, and drink to him,
We shall hear more ere Supper-time; if he be honour'd,
He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't:
If he be ruin'd, so, we know the worst then,
And for my self I'le meet it.

Put. I ne're fear it. *Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Enter* Duke, Archas, Borosky, Burris, *Gentlemen and Attendants.*

Du. They are handsome Rooms all, well contriv'd and
Full of Convenience, the Prospects excellent. (fitted,

Ar. Now will your Grace pass down, and do me but the
To taste a Country Banket (honour

Du. What Room's that?
I would see all, now; what Conveyance has it?
I see you have kept the best part yet; pray open it.

Ar. Ha? I misdoubted this: 'Tis of no Receipt, Sir.
For your Eyes most unfit———

Du. I long to see it, (lent Paintings,
Because I would judge of the whole Piece; some excel-
Or some rare Spoils you would keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.

Ar. In troth there is not,
Nor any thing worth your sight: below I have
Some Fountains, and some Ponds.

Du. I would see this now.

Ar. Borosky, thou art a Knave; It contains nothing
But Rubbish from the other Rooms and Unnecessaries;
Wil't please you to see a strange Clock?

Du. This, or nothing: *Little Trunk*
Why should you bar it up thus with Defences *ready.*
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent, and curious of keeping;
Open't, for I will see't.

Ar. The Keys are lost, Sir;
Do's your Grace think if it were fit for you,
I could be so unmannerly?

Du. I will see it, and either shew it———

Ar. Good, Sir———

Du. Thank ye *Archas*,
You shew your Love abundantly,
Do I use to entreat thus? Force it open.

Bur.

Bur. That were inhospitable: You are his Guest, Sir,
And with his greatest Joy, to entertain ye.
Du. Hold thy Peace, Fool; will ye open it?
Ar. Sir, I cannot.
I must not if I could.
Duke, Go, break it open. (men.
Ar. I must withstand that force: Be not too rash, Gentle-
Duke. Unarm him first, then if he be not Obstinate,
Preserve his Life.
Ar. I thank your Grace, I take it:
And now take you the Keys, go in and see, Sir;
There feed your Eyes with Wonder, and thank that Traytor,
That thing that sells his Faith for Favour. *Exit* Duke.
Bur. Sir, what moves ye?
Ar. I have kept mine pure: Lord *Burris* there's a *Judas*,
That for a Smile will sell ye all: a Gentleman?
The Devil has more Truth, and has maintain'd it;
A Whore's heart more belief in't. *Enter* Duke.
Duke. What's all this *Archas*?
I cannot blame you to conceal it so,
This most inestimable Treasure.
Ar. Yours, Sir.
Duke. Nor do I wonder now the Soldier slights me.
Ar. Be not deceiv'd; he has had no Favour here, Sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that Pick-thank,
That lost Man in his Faith, he has reveal'd it,
To suck a little Honey from ye has betray'd it,
I swear he Smiles upon me, and [illegible]
Thou crackt, uncurrant Lord: I'll tell ye all, Sir:
Your Father, before his Death, knowing your Temper
To be as bounteous as the Air, and open,
As flowing as the Sea to all that follow'd ye,
Your great Mind fit for War and Glory, chiefly
Like a great Husband, to preserve your Actions,
Collected all this Treasure: to our Truths,
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd Lords there,
He gave the Knowledge, and the Charge of all this,
Upon his Death-bed too: And on the Sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this Treasure
Part from our Secret keepings, till no hope
Of Subject could relieve ye, all your own wasted,
No help of those that lov'd ye could supply ye,

And then ſome great Exploit afoot; my Honeſty
I would have kept till I had made this uſeful;
I ſhew'd it, and I ſtood it to the Tempeſt,
And uſeful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,
And ſo are you too, if you ſpend this vainly;
This Worm that crept into ye has abus'd ye,
Abus'd your Father's Care, abus'd his Faith too:
Nor can this Maſs of Money make him Man more,
A flea'd Dog has more Soul, an Ape more Honeſty:
All mine ye have amongſt it, farewell that,
I cannot part with't nobler; my Hearts clear,
My Conſcience ſmooth as that, no rub upon't,
But, O, thy Hell.

Bor. I ſeek no Heaven from you, Sir.

Ar. Thy knawing Hell, *Boroskie*, it will find thee:
Would ye heap Coles upon his Head has wrong'd ye,
Has ruin'd your Eſtate? Give him this Money,
Melt it into his Mouth.

Duke. What little Trunck's that,
That there o'th' top, that's lockt?

Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir,
Richer I think than all.

Ar. You were not Covetous,
Nor wont to weave your Thoughts with ſuch a courſeneſs;
Pray, rack not Honeſty.

Bor. Be ſure ye ſee it.

Duke. Bring out the Trunck. *Enter with the Trunck.*

Ar. You'll find that Treaſure too,
All I have left me now.

Duke. What's this, a poor Gown?
And this, a Piece of *Seneca*?

Ar. Yes, ſure, Sir,
More worth than all your Gold, yet ye have enough on't,
And of a Mine far purer, and more precious:
This ſells no Friends, nor ſearches into Counſels,
And yet all Counſel and all Friends live here, Sir,
Betrays no Faith, yet handles all that's Truſty:
Wilt pleaſe ye leave me this.

Duke. With all my Heart, Sir,

Ar. What ſays your Lordſhip to't?

Bor. I dare not Rob ye.

Ar. Poor miſerable Men, you have rob'd your ſelves both;
This Gown, and this unvalu'd Treaſure, your brave Father,
Found me a Child at School with, in his Progreſs,
Where ſuch a Love he took to ſome few Anſwers,
Unhappy boyiſh Toys hit in my Head then,
That ſuddenly I made him thus as I was;
For here was all the Wealth I brought his Highneſs.
He carried me to Court, there bred me up,
Beſtow'd his Favours on me, taught me Arms firſt,
With thoſe an honeſt Mind; I ſerv'd him truly,
And where he gave me Truſt, I think I fail'd not;
Let the World ſpeak: I humbly Thank your Highneſs,
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine Age, Sir;
And to this Care, a fair *Quietus* given:
Now, to my Book again.

Duke. You have your Wiſh, Sir,
Let ſome bring off the Treaſure.

Bor. Some is his, Sir.

Ar. None, none, my Lord: a poor unworthy Keeper,
The Harveſt is his Graces.

Duke. Thank ye *Archas.*

Ar. But will not you repent, Lord? when this is gone,
Where will your Lordſhip?———

Bor. Pray, take you no care, Sir.

Ar. Do's your Grace like my Houſe?

Duke. Wondrous well, *Archas,*
You have made me richly welcome.

Ar. I did my beſt, Sir,
Is there any thing elſe may pleaſe your Grace?

Duke. Your Daughters
I had forgot, ſend them to Court.

Ar. How's that, Sir?

Duke. I ſaid your Daughters; ſee it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my Siſter, *Archas.*

Ar. Thank your Highneſs.

Duke. And ſuddenly. *Exit.*

Ar. Through all the ways I dare,
I'll ſerve your Temper, tho' you try me too far. *Exit.*

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Theodore, Putskey, Ancient, *and* Servant.

The. I wonder we hear no News.
Put. Here's your Father's Servant,
He comes in haste too, now we shall know all, Sir.
The. How now?
Ser. I am glad I have met you, Sir; your Father
Intreats you presently, make haste unto him.
The. What News?
Ser. None of the best, Sir, I am asham'd to tell it,
Pray ask no more.
The. Did not I tell ye Gentlemen?
Did not I Prophesy? he is undone then.
Ser. Not so, Sir, but as near it——
Put. There's no help now;
The Army's scatter'd all, through Discontent,
Not to be rallied up in hast to help this.
Anc. Plague of the Devil: have ye watch your Seasons?
We shall Watch you ere long.
The. Farewel, there's no Cure,
We must endure all now: I know what I'll do. *Ex. The. & Ser.*
Put. Nay, there's no striving, they have a Hand upon us,
A heavy, and a hard one.
Anc. Now, I have it,
We have yet some Gentlemen, some Boys of Mettle,
(What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted?)
And one mad Trick we'll have to shame these Vipers;
Shall I bless 'em?
Put. Farewel: I have thought my way too. *Exit*
Anc. Were never such rare Cries in Christendom,
As *Mosco* shall afford: we'll live by fooling,
Now fightings gone, and they shall find and feel it. *Exit.*

Scene II. *Enter* Archas, Honora, *and* Viola.

Ar. No more: it must be so; do you think I would see ye
Your Father, and your Friend——
Viol. Pray, Sir, be good to us,
Alas, we know no Court, nor seek that Knowledge;
We are content like harmless things at home,
Children of your Content, bred up in Quiet,

Only

Only to know our ſelves, to ſeek a Wiſdom
From that we underſtand, eaſy and honeſt;
To make our Actions worthy of your Honour,
Their ends are Innocent as we begot 'em:
What ſhall we look for, Sir, what ſhall we learn there,
That this more private Sweetneſs cannot teach us?
Vertue was never built upon Ambition,
Nor the Soul's Beauty bred out of Bravery:
What a terrible Father would you ſeem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our Tempers
To eaſy and obedient Ways, uncrooked,
Where the fair Mind can never loſe nor loiter,
Now to divert our Natures, now to ſtem us
Roughly againſt the Tide of all this Treaſure?
Would ye have us Proud? 'tis ſooner bred than buried;
Wickedly Proud, for ſuch things dwell at Court, Sir.

Hon. Would you have your Children learn to forget their (Father,
And when he Dies, dance on his Monument?
Shall wee ſeek Virtue in a Sattin-Gown;
Imbroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd Feather?
And ſet our Credit to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*?
This may be done; and if you like, it ſhall be.
You ſhould have ſent us thither, when we were younger,
Our Maiden-heads at a higher Rate, our Innocence
Able to make a Mart indeed: we are now too old, Sir,
Perhaps they'll think too Cunning too, and ſlight us,
Beſides, we are altogether unprovided,
Unfurniſh'd utterly of the Rules ſhould guide us:
This Lord comes, licks his Hand; and proteſts to me:
Compares my Beauty to a thouſand fine things;
Mountains and Fountains, Trees and Stars, and Goblins;
Now, have not I the Manners to believe him,
He offers me the honourable Curteſy,
To lie with me all Night, what a Miſery is this?
I am bred up ſo fooliſhly, alas, I dare not,
And how madly theſe things will ſhew there.

Ar. I ſend ye not,
Like Parts infected, to draw more Corruption;
Like Spiders to grow great, with growing Evil:
With your own Vertues ſeaſon'd, and my Prayers,
The Card of Goodneſs in your Minds, that ſhews ye
When ye Sail falſe; the Needle touch'd with Honour,

That

That through the blackest Storms, still points at Happiness;
Your Bodies the tall Barks, rib'd round with Goodness;
Your heavenly Souls the Pilots, thus I send you;
Thus I prepare your Voyage. Sound before ye,
And even as you Sail through this World's Vanity,
Discover Sholes, Rocks, Quicksands, cry out to ye,
Like a good Master, rack about for Honour:
The Court is Vertue's School; at least it should be;
Nearer the Sun the Mine lies, the Metals purer:
Be it granted, if the Spring be once infected,
Those Branches that flow from him must run Muddy;
Say, you find some Sins there, and those no small ones,
And they like lazy Fits begin to shake ye:
Say, they affect your Strength, my happy Children,
Great things through greatest Hazards are atcheiv'd still,
And then they Shine, then Goodness has his Glory,
His Crown fast rivited, then Time moves under,
Where, through the Mist of Errors, like the Sun,
Through thick and pitchy Clouds, he breaks out Nobly.

Hon. I thank you, Sir, you have made me half a Soldier,
I will to Court most willingly, most fondly.
And if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such Travellers into *Virginia*,
As Fame reports, if they can win me, take me:
I think I have a close Ward, and a sure one;
A honest Mind I hope, 'tis Petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and Jewel-proof; I know 'tis gold Proof,
A Coach and Four Horses cannot draw me from it;
As for your handsome Faces, and filed Tongues,
Curl'd Millers Heads; I have another word for them,
And yet I'll Flatter too, as fast as they do,
And Lie, but not as lewdly: Come, be Valiant, Sister,
She that dares not stand the push o'th' Court, dares nothing,
And yet come off ungrazed: Sir, like you,
We both affect great Dangers now; and the World shall see
All Glory lies not in Man's Victory,

Ar. Mine own *Honora*.

Viol. I am very fearful,
Would I were stronger Built? you would have me honest?

Ar. Or not at all, my *Viola*.

Viol. I'll think on't,
For 'tis no easy Promise, and live there.
Do you think we shall do well?

Hon.

Hon. Why, what should ail us?
Viol. Certain they'l tempt us strongly; beside the glory
Which Women may affect; they are handsome Gentlemen,
Every part speaks: Nor is it one Denial,
Nor two, nor ten; from every Look we give 'em,
They'l frame a Hope, even from our Prayers, Promises.
Ho. Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no fear, Wench,
If thou bee'st fast to thy self.
Viol. I hope I shall be:
And your Example will work more. *Enter Theod.*
Hon. Thou shalt not want it.
The. How do you, Sir? Can you lend a Man an Angel?
I hear you let out Money.
Ar. Very well, Sir,
You are pleasantly dispos'd: I am glad to see it,
Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me?
Theod. Is't come to Patience now? *Arch.* Is't not a vertue?
Theod. I know not. I ne're found it so.
Ar. That's because
Thy Anger ever knows, and not thy Judgment.
Theod. I know you have been riff'd.
Ar. Nothing less, Boy:
Lord, What Opinions these vain People publish?
Riff'd of what?
The. Study your Vertue, patience,
It may get Mustard to your Meat. Why in such haste, Sir,
Sent ye for me?
Ar. For this end only, *Theodore*,
To wait upon your Sisters to the Court;
I am commanded they live there.
The. Toth' Court, Sir? *Ar.* Toth' Court, I say.
The. And must I wait upon 'em?
Ar. Yes, 'tis most fit ye should, ye are their Brother.
The. Is this the Business? I had thought your mind, Sir,
Had been set forward on some noble Action,
Something had truly stirr'd ye. Toth' Court with these?
Why, they are your Daughters, Sir. *Ar.* All this I know, Sir.
The. The good old Woman on a Bed he threw.
To th' Court? *Ar.* Thou art not mad.
The. Nor drunk as you are:
Drunk with your duty, Sir: Do you call it Duty?
A Pox o' duty, what can these do there?
What should they do? Can ye look Babies, Sisters
In the young Gallants eyes, and twirl their Band-strings?
Can ye ride out to air your selves? Pray, Sir,
Be serious with me: Do you speak this truly?
Ar. Why, didst thou never hear of Women
Yet at Court, boy?

The. Yes, and good Women too, very good Women,
Excellent honeſt Women; but are you ſure, Sir,
That theſe will prove ſo?

Hon. There's the danger, Brother.

The. God a-mercy Wench, thou haſt a grudging of it.

Ar. Now be you ſerious, Sir, and obſerve what I ſay,
Do it, and do it handſomly; go with 'em.

The. With all my heart, Sir; I am in no Fault now;
If they be thought Whores for being in my Company;
Pray write upon their backs, they are my Siſters,
And where I ſhall deliver 'em.

Ar. Ye are wondrous Jocund,
But prethee tell me, art thou ſo lewd a Fellow,
I never knew thee fail a truth.

The. I am a Soldier,
And ſpell ye what that means.

Ar. A Soldier? What doſt thou make of me?

The. Your Pallat's down, Sir. *Ar* I thank ye, Sir.

The. Come, ſhall we to this matter?
You will to Court?

Hon. If you will pleaſe to honour us.

The. I'le honour ye, I warrant: I'le ſet yee off
With ſuch a luſtre, Wenches: Alas, poor *Viola*,
Thou art a Fool, thou crieſt for eating White-bread:
Be a good Houſe-wife of thy Tears, and ſave 'em,
Thou wilt have time enough to ſhed 'em, Siſter.
Do you weep too? Nay, then I'le fool no more.
Come, worthy Siſters, ſince it muſt be ſo,
And ſince he thinks it fit to try your Vertues,
Be you as ſtrong to Truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old Gentleman ſhall have joy of ye. *Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Enter* Duke *and* Burris.

Duke. Burris, take you ten thouſand of thoſe Crowns,
And thoſe two Chains of Pearl they hold the richeſt,
I give 'em ye.

Bur. I humbly thank your Grace;
And may your great Example work in me
That noble Charity to Men more worthy,
And of more Wants.

Duke. You bear a good mind, *Burris*;
Take twenty thouſand now: Be not ſo modeſt,
It ſhall be ſo, I give 'em; go, there's my Ring for't.

Bur. Heaven bleſs your Highneſs ever. *Exit.*

Duke. You are honeſt.

Enter Alinda, *and* Putskie *at Door.*

Putſ. They're coming now to Court, as fair as Vertue:
Two brighter Stars ne're roſe here,

Al. Peace, I have it,

And

And what my Art can do; the Duke ——
Put. I am gone, [*Exit.*
Remember.
Al. I am counsell'd to the full, Sir.
Duk. My pretty Mistress, whether lyes your Business?
How kindly I should take this, were it to me now?
Al. I must confess immediately to your Grace,
At this time.
Du. You have no Address; I do believe ye,
I would ye had.
Al. 'Twere too much Boldness, Sir,
Upon so little Knowledge, less deserving.
Du. You'll make a perfect Courtier. *Al.* a very poor one.
Du. A very fair one, Sweet: come hither to me.
What killing Eyes this Wench has? in his Glory
Not the bright Sun, when the *Sirian* Star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.
Al. Why does your Grace so view me?
Nothing but common Handsomness dwells here, Sir,
Scarce that: your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness.
Du. Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto thee,
In my Eye thou appear'st ——
Al. Dim not the sight, Sir,
I am too dull an Object.
Du. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?
Al. I can love,
And love as you do too: but 'twill not shew well:
Or if it do shew here where all Light lustres,
Tinsel Affections, make a glorious glistering,
'Twill halt i' th' handsome way.
Du. Are ye so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?
Al. No, ye cannot,
You never travell'd that way yet: pray pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.
Du. There's no harm done:
But what's your reason, Sweet?
Al. I would tell your Grace,
But happily —— *Du.* It shall be pleasing to me.
Al. I should love you again, and then you would hate me;
With all my Service I should follow ye,
And through all Dangers.
Du. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy Worths,
More make me meet 'em.

Al. You should do so, if ye did well and truly.
But though ye be a Prince, and have Power in ye,
Power of Example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.
Du. Give me Example where?
Al. You had a Mistress,
Oh Heaven, so bright, so brave a Dame, so lovely,
In all her Life so true. *Du.* A Mistress?
Al. That serv'd ye with that Constancy, that Care,
That lov'd your Will, and woo'd it now. *Du.* What Mistress?
Al. That nurs'd your Honour up, held fast your Virtues,
And when she kiss'd encreas'd not from your Goodness.
Du. And I neglected her?
Al. Lost her, forsook her,
Wantonly flung her off. *Du.* What was her Name?
Al. Her Name as lovely as her self, as noble,
And in it all that's excellent. *Du.* What was it?
Al. Her Name was *Beau-desert*
Do you know her now, Sir?
Du. Beau-desert? I not remember —
Al. I know you do not;
Yet she has a plainer Name; Lord *Archas* Service;
Do you yet remember her? there was a Mistress!
Fairer than Women, far fonder to you, Sir,
Than Mothers to their first-born Joys: Can you love?
Dare you profess that Truth to me a Stranger,
A thing of no Regard, no Name, no Lustre,
When your most noble Love you have neglected,
A Beauty all the World would woo and honour?
Would you have me credit this? think ye can love me,
And hold ye constant, when I have read this Story?
Is't possible you should ever favour me,
To a slight Pleasure prove a Friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most ty'd, most bound to benefit,
Bound by the Chains of Honesty and Honour,
You have broke and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my Fears: I beseech your Grace
Tempt me no further. *Du.* Who taught you this Lesson?
Al. Woful Experience, Sir: If you seek a Fair one,
Worthy your Love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two Daughters of his ruin'd Vertue now
Arrive at Court, excellent fair indeed, Sir;
But this will be the Plague on't, they're excellent honest.

Enter Olimpia *and* Petesca *privately.*

Du. I love thy Face.
Al. Upon my Life ye cannot.
I do not love it my self, Sir, 'tis a lewd one,

So

So truly ill, Art cannot mend it; for if twere handsome,
At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk, Sir,
In a new Strain; and though ye are a Prince,
Make ye petition to me too, and wait my Answers;
Yet, o'my Conscience, I should pity ye
After some Ten-years Siege.

Du. Prithee do now. *Al.* What would ye do?

Du. Why I would lye with ye. *Al.* I do not think ye would.

Du. In troth I would, Wench.
Here, take this Jewel.

Al. Out upon't that's scurvy.
Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good Fellowship,
For pure Love, or nothing: thus you shall be sure, Sir,
You shall not pay too dear for't. *Du.* Sure I cannot.

Al. By'r Lady but ye may: when ye have found me able
To do your Work well, ye may pay my Wages.

Pet. Why does your Grace start back?

Olim. I ha' seen that shakes me:
Chills all my Blood: O where is Faith or Goodness?
Alinda thou art false, false thou fair one,
Wickedly false; and (woe is me) I see it.
For ever false. *Pet.* I am glad 't has taken thus right. [*Exit.*

Al. I'll go ask my Lady, Sir. *Du.* What?

Al. Whether I shall lye with you, or no: If I find her willing--
For look ye, Sir, I have sworn, while I am in her Service——
('Twas a rash Oath I must confess.)

Du. Thou mockest me.

Al. Why, would you lye with me, if I were willing?
Would you abuse my Weakness?

Du. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.

Al. I humbly thank your Highness,
When you piece me, you must pice me to my Coffin:
When you have got my Maiden-head, I take it,
'Tis not an Inch of an Ape's Tail will restore it;
I love you, and I honour you; but this way
I'll neither love nor serve you:
Heaven change your Mind, Sir, [*Exit.*

Du. And mine too:
For it must be chang'd, it shall be. [*Exit.*

Scene 4. *Enter* Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola, *and* Honora.

Bor. They are goodly Gentlewomen.

Bur. They are,
Wondrous sweet Women both.

The. Does your Lordship like 'em?
They are my Sisters, Sir; good lusty Lasses,
They'll do their Labour well, I warrant you
You'll find no Bed-straw here, Sir.
Hon. Thank you, Brother.
The. this is not so strongly built; but she is good Mettle,
Of a good stirring strain too: she goes tith, Sir. [*Enter* 2 *Gent.*
Here they be, Gentlemen, must make you merry,
The Toys you wot of: do you like their Complexions?
They be no *Moors*: what think you of this Hand, Gentlemen?
Here's a white Altar for your Sacrifice:
A thousann Kisses here. Nay, keep off yet, Gentlemen,
Let's start first, and have fair Play: what would you give now
To turn the Globe up, and find the rich *Molucca's*?
To pass the Straights? Here (do you itch) by St. *Nicholas*,
Here's that will make you scratch and claw,
Claw my fine Gentlemen, move you in divers sorts:
Pray you let me request you to forget
To say your Prayers, whilst these are Courtiers;
Or if you needs will think of Heaven, let it be no higher
Than their Eyes?
Bur. How will you have 'em bestow'd, Sir?
The. Even how your Lordship please,
So you do not bake 'em. *Bur.* Bake 'em!
The. They are too high a-Meat that way, they run to Gelly.
But if you'll have 'em for your own Diet, take my Counsel,
Stew 'em between two Feather-beds.
Bur. Please you, Colonel,
To let 'em wait upon the Princess?
Theo. Yes, Sir,
And thank your Honour too: But then happily,
These noble Gentlemen shall have no access to 'em;
And to have 'em buy new Cloaths, study new Faces,
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,
'Twill not be well i'faith; they have kept their Bodies,
And bin at charge for Baths: Do you see that Shirt there,
Weigh but the moral meaning, 'twill be grievous:
Alas I brought them to delight these Gentlemen,
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholesome,
Wholesome, and young, my Lord, and two such Maidings,
They will not light upon again in Ten years.
Bur. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.
The. They are fit for any thing.
They'll wait upon a Man, they are not bashful,
Carry his Cloak, or untie his Points, or any thing,
Drink drunk, and take Tobacco; the familiar'st Fools——

This

This Wench will leap over Stools too, and ſound a Trumpet,
Wraſtle, and pitch the Bar; they are finely brought up,
Bor. Ladies, you are bound to your Brother,
And have much cauſe to thank him:
Ile eaſe you of this Charge, and to the Princeſs,
So pleaſe you, Ile attend 'em.
The. Thank your Lordſhip:
If there be e'er a private Corner as you go Sir,
A fooliſh Lobby out oth' way, make danger,
Try what they are, try.
Bor. Ye are a merry Gentleman.
The. I would fain be your Honours Kinſman.
Bor. Ye are too curſt Sir.
The. Farewel Wenches, keep cloſe your Ports y'are waſht elſe.
Ho. Brother beſtow your Fears where they are needful.
Exit Boroſ. Honor. Viol.
The. *Honor* thy Name is, and I hope thy Nature.
Goe after, Gentlemen, goe, get a Snatch if you can,
Yond' old *Erra Pater* will never pleaſe 'em.
Alas I brought 'em for you, but ſee the luck on't,
I ſwear I meant as honeſtly toward ye——
Nay do not cry good Gentlemen: a little Counſel
Will do no harm: they'll walk abroad ith' Evenings,
Ye may ſurprize 'em eaſily, they wear no Piſtols.
Set down your Minds in Metre, flowing Metre,
And get ſome good old Linnen Woman to deliver it,
That has the trick on't: you cannot fail:
Farewel Gentlemen. *Exit.*
Bur. You have frighted off the Fleſh flies.
The. Fleſh-flies indeed my Lord. *Enter a Serv.*
And it muſt be very ſtinking Fleſh they will not ſeize on.
Serv. Your Lordſhip bid me bring this Casket.
Bur. Yes. Good Colonel
Commend me to your worthy Father, and as a Pledge
He ever holds my Love and Service to him,
Deliver him this poor but hearty Token,
And where I may be his.——
The. Ye are too Noble;
A Wonder here my Lord, that dare be Honeſt,
When all Men hold it Vitious: I ſhall deliver it,
And with it your moſt Noble Love. Your Servant. *Ex. Bur.*
Were there but two more ſuch at Court, 'rwere Sainted,
This will buy Brawn this *Chriſtmas* yet, and Muſcadine. *Ex.*

SCENE V. *Enter Ancient, crying Brooms, and after him severally, four Souldiers, crying other things. Borosky and Gentlemen over the Stage observing them.*

1. SONG.

Anc. *Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom,*
Come buy my Birchen Broom,
Ith' wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny Broom.
For a Kiss take two;
If those will not do,
For a little, little Pleasure,
Take all my whole Treasure:
If all these will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot.
Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom,

2. SONG.

1 Sol. *The Wars are done and gone,*
And Soldiers now neglected, Pedlars are,
Come Maidens, come along,
For I can shew you handsom, handsome Ware.
Powders for the Head,
And Drinks for your Bed,
To make ye blith and bonny.
As well in the Night we Soldiers can fight,
And please a young Wench as any.

2 Sol. *I have fine Potatoes,*
Ripe Potatoes.

3. SONG.

3 Sol. *Will ye buy any Honesty, come away,*
I sell it openly by day;
I bring no forced light, nor no Candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
This will shew the great Man Good,
The Tradsman where he swears and lyes,
Each Lady of a noble Blood,
The City Dame to rule her Eyes:
Ye are rich Men now: come buy, and then
Ile make ye richer, honest Men.

4. SONG.

4 Sol. *Have ye any crackt Maiden-heads, to new touch or mend?*
Have ye any old Maiden-heads to sell or to change?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pritty Gin,
Ile clout 'em, Ile mend 'em, Ile knock in a Pin,
Shall make 'em as good Maids agen,
As ever they have bin.

Bor. What means all this, why do y'sell Brooms *Ancient*?
Is it Wantonness or Want?

An.

An. The only Reason is,
To sweep your Lordships Conscience: here's one for the nonce.
Gape Sir, you have swallowed many a goodlier Matter ——
The only casting for a crazy Conscience.
3 *Sol.* Will your Lordship buy any Honesty? 'twill be worth your Money
Bar. How is this?
3 *Sol.* Honesty my Lord, 'tis here in a Quill.
An. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of Wind will blow it out oth' Kingdom.
2 *Sol.* Will your Lordship take a fine Potato?
'Twill advance your wither'd Stones.
Anc. Fill your Honour full of most noble Itches,
And make Jack dance in your Lordships Breeches.

1 Sol. *If your Daughters on their Beds,*
Have bow'd, or cruckt their Maiden-heads;
If in a Coach with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fie, fo, what fumbling;
If her Foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her Leg above the Knee,
The One and Thirtieth of February *let this be tune,*
And they shall be errant Maids again.

Bar. Ye are brave Soldiers; keep your wantonness,
A Winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.
Disport you selves, and when you want your Money —— *Ex:*
Anc. Broom, Broom, &c. *Exit Singing.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Alinda, Honora, Viola.

Al. You must not be so fearful, little one,
Nor Lady you so sad, you will ne're make Courtiers
With these dull sullen Thoughts; this Place is pleasure,
Pursery'd to that use, so inhabited;
And those that live here, live delightful, joyful:
These are the Gardens of *Adonis*, Ladies,
Where all sweets to their free and noble Uses,
Grow ever young and courted.
Hon. Bless me Heaven,
Can things of her years arrive at these Rudiments?
By your leave fair Gentlewoman, how long have you bin here?
Al. Faith much about a Week.
Hon. You have studied hard,
And by my faith arriv'd at a great Knowledge.
Viol. Were not you bashful at first?
Al. Ay, ay, for an Hour or two:
But when I saw People laugh'd at me for it,
And thought it a dull Breeding ——

Hon.

Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the Men's Opinions. *Al.* Ever Lady
Hon. And what they think is honourable.——
Al. Moſt preciſely
We follow with all Faith. *Hon.* A goodly Cathechiſm.
Viol. But baſhful for an Hour or two?
Al. Faith to ſay true:
I do not think I was ſo long: for look ye,
'Tis to no end here, put on what ſhape ye will,
And four your ſelf with ne're ſo much Auſterity,
You ſhall be courted in the ſame, and won too,
'Tis but ſome two Hours more; and ſo much time loſt,
Which we hold precious here: In ſo much time now
As I have told you this, you may loſe a Servant,
Your Age, nor all your Art can e'er recover.
Catch me occaſion as ſhe comes, hold faſt there,
Till what you do affect is ripu'd to ye.
Has the Duke ſeen ye yet?
Ho. What if he have not?
Al. You do your Beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of ſweetneſs, newneſs; ſet ſo richly,
As if a Council beyond Nature fram'd ye.
Hon. If we were thus? ſay Heaven had given theſe Bleſſings,
Muſt we turn theſe to ſin Oblations?
Al. How fooliſhly this Country way ſhews in ye?
How full of Flegm? do you come here to pray Ladies.
You had beſt cry, ſtand away, let me alone Gentlemen,
Ile tell my Father elſe.
Viol. This Woman's naught ſure,
A very naughty Woman.
Hon. Come, ſay on friend,
Ile be inſtructed by ye.
Al. You'll thank me for't. (ing of.
Ho. Either I or the Devil ſhall: The Duke you were ſpeak-
Al. 'Tis well remember'd: yes, let him firſt ſee you,
Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.
Hon. He's a very Noble Prince they ſay.
Al. O wondrous gracious:
And as you may deliver your ſelf at the firſt viewing;
For look ye, you muſt bear your ſelf; yet take heed
It be ſo ſeaſon'd with a ſweet Humility,
And grac'd with ſuch a Bounty in your Beauty —— ——
Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill?
Al. No, no:
'Tis like he will kiſs ye, and play with ye:
Hon. Play with me, how?

Al.

Al. Why, good Lord, that you are ſuch a Fool now.
No harm aſſure your ſelf. *Viol.* Will ye play with me too?
Al. Look Babies in your Eyes, my pretty ſweet one:
There's a fine Sport: do you know your Lodgings yet?
Hon. I hear of none.
Al. I do then, they are handſome,
Convenient for acceſs. *Viol.* Acceſs?
Al. Yes little one,
For Viſitation of thoſe Friends and Servants,
Your Beauties ſhall make choice of: Friends and Viſits:
Do you not know thoſe uſes? Alas poor Novice;
There's a cloſe Couch or two, handſomely placed too.
Viol. What are thoſe I pray you? (are no Eye upon,
Al. Who would be troubled with ſuch raw things? they
And your Love by you; and diſcourſe, and toy in.
Viol. Alas I have no Love.
Al. You muſt by any means:
You'll have a Hundred, fear not.
Viol. Honeſty keep me:
What ſhall I do with all thoſe?
Al. You'll find uſes:
You are ignorant yet, let Time work; you muſt learn too,
To lie handſomly in your Bed a Mornings, neatly dreſt
In a moſt curious Waſtcoat, to ſet you off well,
Play with your Bracelets, Sing; you muſt learn to Rhime too,
And Riddle neatly; ſtudy the hardeſt Language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be Senſe or no,
So it go ſeemly off. Be ſure you profit
In kiſſing, kiſſing ſweetly: there lies a main Point,
A Key that opens to all practick Pleaſure;
Ile help you to a Friend of mine ſhall teach you,
And ſuddenly: your Country way is fulſome.
Hon. Have you Schools for all theſe Myſteries?
Al. O yes,
And ſeveral Hours prefix'd to Study in:
You may have Kalanders to know the good Hour,
And when to take a Jewel: for the Ill too,
When to refuſe, with Obſervations on 'em;
Under what Sign 'tis beſt meeting in an Arbor,
And in what Bower, and Hour it works; a Thouſand,
When in a Coach, when in a private Lodging,
With all their Verſes.
Hon. Have you ſtudied theſe?
How beaſtly they become your Youth? how bawdily?
A Woman of your tenderneſs, a Teacher,
Teacher of theſe lewd Arts? of your full Beauty?

A Man made up in Luſt, would loath this in you:
The rankeſt Leacher, hate ſuch Impudence.
They ſay the Devil can aſſume Heavens brightneſs,
And ſo appear to tempt us: Sure thou art no Woman.
Al. I joy to find thee thus. [*aſide*
Hon. Thou haſt no tenderneſs,
No reluctation in thy Heart: 'tis miſchief.
Al. All's one for that; read theſe and then be ſatisfy'd,
A few more private Rules I have gather'd for you,
Read 'em, and well obſerve 'em: So I leave you. *Exit.*
Viol. A wondrous prudent Woman: I'le go with thee.
Hon. What new *Pandora* Box is this? I'le ſee it,
Though preſently I tear it. Read thine *Viola*,
'Tis fit our own Wills to believe and follow.

Worthy Olimpia, as you have begun
In Vertues ſpotleſs School, ſo forward run:
Purſue that nobleneſs, and abhorr baſeneſs
You ever had, burn in that holy Fire;
And a white Martyr to fair memory
Give up your Name, unſtain'd of Infamy.

How's this? Read yours our Siſter: this amazes me.

Vio. *Fear not thou yet unblaſted Violet,*
Nor let my wanton words a Doubt beget.
Live in that peace and ſweetneſs of thy Bud,
Remember whoſe thou art, and grow ſtill good.
Remember whoſe thou art, and ſhame a Story
Fit for thy noble Sex, and thine own Glory.

Hon. I know not what to think.
Viol. Sure a good Woman,
An excellent Woman, Siſter.
Hon. It confounds me;
Let 'em uſe all their Arts, if theſe be their ends,
The Court I ſay breeds the beſt Foes and Friends.
Come, let's be honeſt Wench, and do our beſt ſervice.
Vio. A moſt excellent Woman, I will love her. *Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

Enter Olimpia *with a Caſket, and* Alinda.

Al. MAdam, the Duke has ſent for the two Ladies.
Olim. I prethee go: I know thy Thoughts are with him.
Go, go *Alinda*, do not mock me more.

I have found thy Heart Welch, do not wrong thy Mistris,
Thy too much loving Mistris: do not abuse her.
Al. By your own fair Hands I understand you not.
Ol. By thy own fair Eyes I understand thee too much,
Too fat, and built a Faith there thou hast ruined,
Go, and enjoy thy Wife, thy Youth, thy Pleasure,
Enjoy the Greatness no doubt he has promised,
Enjoy the service of all Eyes that see thee,
The Glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph;
Only this last Love I ask, forget thy Falshood.
Al. O, who has wrong'd me? who has stain'd me?
Poor wretched Girl, what poyson is [illegible]
Excellent Vertue, from whence flows this Anger?
Ol. Go, ask my Brother, ask the Faith thou gav'st me,
Ask all my Favours to thee, ask my Love,
Last, thy forgetfulness of Good: then fly me,
For we must part *Alinda*.
Al. You are weary of me;
I must confess, I was never worth your service,
Your bounteous Favours less; but that my Duty,
My ready Will, and all I had to serve you——
O Heaven thou know'st my Honesty.
Ol. No more:
Take heed, Heaven has a Justice: take that [illegible] with you,
This doting Spell you gave me: too well [illegible]
Thou know'st the Vertue in't; too well I feel it:
Nay keep that too, it may sometimes remember you,
When you are willing on [illegible] who gave it,
And to what Venemous end.
Al. Must I go from you?
Of all the Sorrows follow has——must I part with you?
Part with my noble Mistress? *Ol.* Or I with thee Wench.
Al. And part fild'd with Opinion? Farewel Lady,
Happy and Blessed Lady, goodness keep you:
Thus your poor Servant full of Grief turns from you,
For ever full of Grief, for ever from you.
I have no being now, no Friends, no Country,
I wander Heaven knows whither, Heaven knows how.
No Life, now you are lost: only mine innocence,
That lends less me of my self, goes with me,
That's all my Bread and Comfort. I confess Madam,
Truly confess, the Duke has often courted me.
Ol. And pow'd his Soul into thee, won thee.
Al. Do you think so?
Well, time that told this Tale, will tell my truth too,
And say you had a faithful, honest Servant:

The buſineſs of my Life is now to pray for you,
Pray for your Vertuous Loves; Pray for your Children,
When Heaven ſhall make you happy.
Ol. How ſhe wounds me?
Either I am undone, or ſhe muſt go: take theſe with you,
Some Toys may do you ſervice; and this Money:
And when you want, I Love you not ſo poorly,
Not yet *Alinda*, that I would ſee you periſh.
Prethee be good, and let me hear: look on me,
I Love thoſe Eyes yet dearly; I have kiſs'd thee,
And now I'le do't again: farewel *Alinda*,
I am too full to ſpeak more, and too wretched. *Exit.*
Al. You have my Faith, *Exit.*
And all the World my Fortune.

SCENE II. *Enter* Theodore.

The. I would fain hear
What becomes of theſe two Wenches:
And if I can, I will do 'em good. *Enter Gentleman paſſing over the Stage.*
Do you hear my honeſt Friend?
He knows no ſuch Name:
What a World of buſineſs,
Which by Interpretation are meer nothing,
Theſe things have here? Mafs now I think on't better,
I wiſh he be not ſent for one of them
To ſome of theſe By-lodgings: methought I ſaw
A kind of Reference in his Face to Bawdery.
Enter Gentleman with a Gentlewoman paſſing over the Stage.
He has her, but 'tis none of them: hold faſt thief:
An excellent touzing Knave. Miſtreſs
You are to ſuffer your penance ſome half Hour hence now
How far a fine Court Cuſtard with Plumbs in it
Will prevail with one of theſe waiting Gentlewomen,
They are taken with theſe ſoluble things exceedingly;
This is ſome Yeomen oth' Bottles now that has ſent for her,
That ſhe calls Father: now woe to this Ale incenſe.
By your leave Sir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Well Sir; what's your pleaſure with me?
The. You do not know the way to the Maid's Lodgings?
Ser. Yes indeed do I Sir,
The. But you will not tell me?
Ser. No indeed will not I, becauſe you doubt it. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter 2. *Servant.*

The. These are fine Gim-cracks: hey, here comes another,
A Bottle of Wine in's Hand, I take it.
Well met my Friend, is that Wine?

2 *Ser.* Yes indeed is it. *The.* Faith I'll drink on't then.

2 *Ser.* Ye may, becauſe ye have ſworn, SIr.

The. 'Tis very good, I'll drink a great deal now, Sir.

2 *Ser.* I cannot help it, Sir. *The.* I'll drink more yet.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis in your own Hands.

The. There's your Bottle, I thank you.
Pray let me drink again.

2 *Ser.* Faith but ye ſhall not.
Now have I ſworn, I take it. Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

The. This is the fin'ſt Place to live in I e'er ente'rd.
Here comes a Gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.
Madam, my Lord my Maſter —— [*Enter Lady.*

Lady. Who's your Lord, Sir?

The. The Lord *Boroſkie*, Lady.

Lady. Pray excuſe me:
Here's ſomething for your Pains: within this hour, Sir,
One of the choice young Ladies ſhall attend him:
Pray let it be in that Chamber juts out to the Water;
'Tis private and convenient: Do my humble Service
To my honourable good Lord, I beſeech you, Sir;
If it pleaſe you to viſit a poor Lady ——
You carry the 'haviour of a noble Gentleman,

The. I ſhall be bold.

Lady. 'Tis a good Aptneſs in you.
I lye here in the Wood-yard, the blew Lodgings, Sir;
They call me merrily the Lady of the —— Sir;
A little I know what belongs to a Gentleman,
And if it pleaſe you take the Pains. [*Exit.*

The. Dear Lady, take the Pains?
Why a Horſe would not take the Pains that thou requir'ſt now,
To cleave old Crab tree? One of the choice young Ladies!
I would I had let this Bawd go, ſhe has frighted me;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my Tribe now;
But if they will do, the Devil cannot ſtop 'em.
Why ſhould he have a young Lady? are Women now
O'th' Nature of Bottles, to be ſtopt with Corks?
O the thouſand little Furies that fly here now!
How now, Captain?

Enter Putskie.

Putſ. I come to ſeek you out, Sir,
And all the Town I have travell'd.

The. What's the News, Man?

Putſ.

Putſ. That, that concerns us all, and very nearly:
The Duke this Night holds a great Feaſt at Court,
To which he bids for Gueſts all his old Counſellors,
And all his Favourites: your Father's ſent for.
The. Why he is neither in Coucil, nor in Favour.
Putſ. That's it: have an Eye now, or never, and a quick one,
An Eye that muſt not wink from good Intelligence.
I heard a Bird ſing, they mean him no good Office.
The. Art ſure he ſups here?

Enter Ancient.

Putſ. Sure as 'tis Day.
The. 'Tis like then:
How now, where haſt thou been, *Ancient*?
Anc. Meaſuring the City:
I have left my Brooms at the Gate here;
By this time the Porter has ſtole 'em to ſweep out Raſcals.
The. Brooms?
An. I have been crying Brooms all the Town over,
And ſuch a Mart I have made, there's no Trade near it.
O the young handſome Wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but ſaw me ſhake my Ware, and ſing too;
Come hither Maſter Broom-man I beſeech you;
Good Maſter Broom-man hither, cries another.
The. Thou art a mad Fellow.
Anc. They are all as mad as I: they all have Trades now,
And roar about the Streets like Bull-beggars.
The. What Company of Soldiers are there?
Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thouſand tall and hardy Soldiers,
If need be, Colonel.
The. That need's come, *Ancient*,
And 'twas diſcreetly done: go, draw 'em up preſently,
But without Suſpicion: this Night we ſhall need 'em;
Let 'em be near the Court, let *Putſkie* guide 'em;
And wait me for Occaſion: here I'll ſtay ſtill.
Putſ. If it fall out we are ready; if not we are ſcatter'd:
I'll wait you at an Inch. *The.* Do, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 3. *Enter* Duke, Boroskie.

Du. Are the Soldiers ſtill ſo mutinous?
Bor. More than ever.
No Law nor Juſtice frights 'em: all the Town over
They play new Pranks and Gambols: no Man's Perſon,
Of what Degree ſoever, free from Abuſes:
And durſt they do this, (let your Grace conſider)

These

These monstrous, most offensive things, these Villanies,
If not set on, and fed? if not by one
They honour more than you? and more aw'd by him?
Du. Happily their own Wants. *Bur.* I offer to supply 'em.
And every Hour shake Tender of their Moneys:
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it:
I fear the next Device will be my Life, Sir;
And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.
Du. Do you think Lord *Archas* privy?
Bor. More than thought,
I know it, Sir, I know they durst not do
These violent rude things, abuse the State thus,
But that they have a Hope by his Ambitions ----
Du. No more; he's sent for?
Bor. Yes, and will be here sure.
Du. Let me talk farther with you anon. *Bor.* I'll wait, Sir.
Du. Did you speak to the Ladies?
Bor. They'll attend your Grace presently.
Du. How do you like 'em?
Bor. My Eyes are too dull Judges.
They wait here, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Honora *and* Viola.

Du. Be you gone then: Come in, Ladies.
Welcome to th' Court, sweet Beauties; now the Court shines,
When such true Beams of Beauty strike amongst us:
Welcome, welcome, even as your own Joys welcome.
How do you like the Court? how seems it to you?
Is't not a Place created for all Sweetness?
Why were you made such Strangers to this Happiness?
Barr'd the Delights this holds? The richest Jewels
Set ne'er so well, if they're not worn to wonder,
By judging Eyes not set off, lose their Lustre:
Your Country Shades are faint; Blasters of Beauty;
The Manners like the Place, obscure and heavy;
The Rose-buds of your Beauties turn to Cankers,
Eaten with inward Thoughts; whilst there you wander.
Here, Ladies, here, you were not made for Cloisters,
Here is the Sphere you move in: here shine nobly;
And by your powerful Influence command all:
What a sweet Modesty dwells round about 'em.
And like a nipping Morn pulls in their Blossoms?
Hon. Your Grace speaks cunningly, you do not this,
I hope, Sir, to betray us; we are poor Triumphs;
Nor can our Loss of Honour add to you, Sir:
Great Men, and great Thoughts, seek things great and worthy;
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;

Con-

Conqueſts ſo nobly won, can never periſh.
We are two ſimple Maids, untutor'd here, Sir;
Two honeſt Maids, is that a Sin at Court, Sir?
Our Breeding is Obedience, but to good things,
To vertuous and to fair: what wou'd you win on us?
Why do I ask that Queſtion, when I have found you?
Your Preamble has pour'd your Heart out to us;
You would diſhonour us; which in your Tranſlation
Here at the Court reads thus; Your Grace would love us,
Moſt dearly love us; ſtick us up for Miſtreſſes:
Moſt certain, there are thouſands of our Sex, Sir,
That would be glad of this, and handſome Women,
And crowd into this Favour, fair young Women,
Excellent Beauties, Sir: When ye have enjoy'd 'em,
And ſuckt thoſe Sweets they have, what Saints are theſe then?
What Worſhip have they won? what Name, you gueſs, Sir,
What Story added to their time, a ſweet one?

Du. A brave ſpirited Wench.

Hon. I'll tell your Grace,
And tell you true, you are deceiv'd in us two,
Extremely cozen'd, Sir: And yet in my Eye
You are the handſom'ſt Man I ever lookt on,
The goodlieſt Gentleman; take that hope with you;
And were I fit to be your Wife (ſo much I honour you)
Truſt me I would ſcratch for you but I would have you
I would wooe you then.

Du. She amazes me:
But how am I deceiv'd?

Hon. O we are too honeſt,
Believe it, Sir, too honeſt, far too honeſt,
The way that you propound too ignorant,
And there is no medling with us; for we are Fools too,
Obſtinate, peeviſh Fools. If I would be ill,
And had a Wanton's Itch, to kick my Heels up,
I would not leap into th' Sun, and do't there,
That all the World might ſee me: an obſcure Shade, Sir,
Dark as the Deed, there is no truſting Light with it,
Nor that that's lighter far, vain-glorious Greatneſs.

Du. You will love me as your Friend?

Hon. I will honour you,
As your poor humble Handmaid, ſerve and pray for you.

Du. What ſays my little one; you are not ſo obſtinate?
Lord, how ſhe bluſhes! here are truly fair Souls:
Come, you will be my Love?

Viol. Good Sir be good to me,
Indeed I'll do the beſt I can to pleaſe you;

I do

I do beſeech your Grace: Alas, I fear you:
Du. What ſhouldſt thou fear?
Hon. Fie, Sir, this is not noble.
Du. Why do I ſtand entreating, where my Power ——
Hon. You have no Power, at leaſt you ought to have none
In bad and beaſtly things: arm'd thus, I'll die here,
Before ſhe ſuffer wrong. *Du.* Another *Arches*?
Hon. His Child, Sir, and his Spirit.
Du. I'll deal with you then,
For here's the Honour to be won: ſit down, Sweet,
Prithee, *Honora*, ſit. *Hon.* Now ye intreat I will, Sir.
Du. I do, and will deſerve it.
Hon. That's too much Kindneſs: *Du.* Prithee look on me.
Hon. Yes, I love to ſee you,
And could look an Age thus, and admire you:
Whilſt you are good and temperate, I dare touch you,
Kiſs your white Hand. *Du.* Why not my Lips?
Hon. I dare, Sir. *Du.* I do not think ye dare.
Ho. I am no Coward.
Do you believe me now? or now? or now, Sir?
You make me bluſh; but ſure I mean no ill, Sir:
It had been fitter you had kiſs'd me.
Du. That I'll do too:
What haſt thou wrought into me?
Hon. I hope all Goodneſs:
Whilſt ye are thus, thus honeſt, I dare do any thing,
Thus hang about your Neck, and thus doat on you;
Bleſs thoſe fair Lights: Hell take me if I durſt not ——
But, good Sir, pardon me. Siſſor come hither,
Come hither, fear not, Wench; come hither, bluſh not,
Come kiſs the Prince, the vertuous Prince, the good Prince:
Du. Thou wilt make me ——
Hon. Sit down, and hug him ſoftly.
Du. Fie, *Honora*,
Wanton *Honora*; is this the Modeſty,
The noble Chaſtity your on-ſet ſhew'd me,
At firſt Charge beaten back? Away.
Hon. Thank you:
Upon my Knees I pray, Heaven too may thank you;
Ye have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly
You have cozen'd me: In all your hopeful Life yet,
A Scene of greater Honour you ne'er acted:
I knew Fame was a Liar, too long, and loud tongu'd,
And now I have found it: O my vertuous Maſter!
Viol. My vertuous Maſter too.
Hon. Now you are thus,

What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't:
Du. I'll be that Fortune, if I live, *Rhodon*;
Thou hast done a Cure upon me, Counsel could not.
Enter Alinda.
Al. Here take your Ring, Sir, and whom you mean to ruine,
Give it to her next; I have paid for't dearly.
Hon. A Ring to her?
Du. Why frowns my fair *Alinda*?
I have forgot both these again. [*Aside.*
Al. Stand still, Sir,
Ye have that violent killing Fire upon you,
Consumes all Honour, Credit, Faith.
Hon. How's this?
Al. My Royal Mistress's Favour towards me,
Wo-worth you, Sir, you have poison'd, blasted.
Du. I, Sweet?
Al. You have taken that unmanly Liberty,
Which in a worse Man is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my Truth.
Du. Upon my Life 'tis false, Wench.
Al. Ladies,
Take heed, ye have a cunning Gamester,
A handsome, and a high; come stor'd with Antidotes,
He has Infections else will fire your Bloods.
Du. Prithee, *Alinda*, hear me.
Al. Words steept in Honey,
That will so melt into your Minds, buy Chastity
A thousand ways, a thousand Knots to tie you;
And when he has bound you his, a thousand Ruins.
A poor lost Woman you have made me.
Du. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.
Al. That Gin's too weak to take me:
Take heed, take heed, young Ladies; still take heed,
Take heed of Promises, take heed of Gifts,
Of forced feigned Sorrows, Sighs, take heed.
Du. By all that's mine, *Alinda* ———
Al. Swear
By your Mischiefs:
O whither shall I go?
Du. Go back again,
I'll force her take thee, love thee.
Al. Fare you well, Sir,
I will not curse you; only this dwell with you,
When ever you love, a false Belief light on you. [*Exit.*
Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.

Du.

Du. Part all the World now,
Since she is gone.
Hon. You are crooked yet, dear Master,
And still I fear —— [Exeunt.
Du. I am vex'd,
And some shall find it. [Exit.

Scene 4. *Enter* Archas *and a Servant.*

Ar. 'Tis strange
To me to see the Court, and welcome:
O Royal Place, how have I lov'd and serv'd thee?
Who lies on this side, know'st thou?
Ser. The Lord *Burris.*
Ar. Thou hast nam'd a Gentleman
I stand much bound to.
I think he sent the Casket, Sir?
Ser. The same, Sir.
Ar. An honest minded Man, a noble Courtier:
The Duke made perfect Choice when he took him.
Go you home, I shall hit the way
Without a Guide now.
Ser. You may want something, Sir.
Ar. Only my Horses,
Which after Supper let the Groom wait with:
I'll have no more Attendance here.
Ser. Your Will, Sir? [Exit.

Enter Theodore.

The. You are well met here, Sir.
Ar. How now, Boy,
How do'st thou?
The. I should ask
You that Question: how do you, Sir?
How do you feel your self? *Ar.* Why, well and lusty.
The. What do you here then?
Ar. Why, I am sent for
To Supper with the Duke.
The. Have you no Meat at home?
Or do you long to feed as hunted Deer do,
In Doubt and Fear?
Ar. I have an excellent Stomach,
And can I use it better
Than among my Friends, Boy?
How do the Wenches?
The. They do well enough, Sir,
They know the worst by this time. Pray be rul'd, Sir,

Go home again; and if you have a Supper,
Eat it in quiet there: This is no Place for you,
Especially at this time,
Take my Word for't.
Ar. May be they'll drink hard;
I could have drank my share, Boy.
Though I am old, I will not out.
The. I hope you will.
Hark in your Ear: the Court's
Too quick of hearing.
Ar. Not mean me well?
Thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away.
The. To that end, Sir, I tell you.
Away, if you love your self.
Ar. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of Honesty?
The. Old Gentleman,
Take a Fool's Counsel.
Ar. 'Tis a Fool's indeed;
A very Fool's: thou hast more of
These Flams in thee, these musty Doubts:
Is't fit the Duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his Presence,
And I, like a tall Fellow, play at bo-peep
With his Pleasure?
The. Take heed
Of bo-peep with your Pate, your Pate, Sir;
I speak plain Language now.
Ar. If 'twere not here,
Where Reverence bids me hold,
I would so swinge thee, thou rude,
Unmanner'd Knave; take from his Bounty,
His Honour that he gives me, to beget
Sawcy and sullen Fears?
The. You are not mad sure:
By this fair Light, I speak
But what it whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a Truth.
Ar. A Dog: drunken People,
That in their Pot see Visions,
And turn States, Mad-men and Children:
Prithee do not follow me;
I tell thee I am angry:
Do not follow me.
The. I am as angry

As

As you for your Heart.
I and wilful me; go, like a Woodcock,
And thrust your head i'th' noose.
Ar. He will dye.
And thou speak'st but three words more.
Do not follow me. *Exit.*
The. A strange old foolish Fellow: I shall hear yet,
And if I do not my part hiss at me. *Exit.*

SCENE V. *Enter two Servants preparing a Banquet.*

1. *Ser.* Believe me Fellow here will be lusty drinking.
Many a washt Pate in Wine I warrant thee. (ence
2. *Serv.* I am glad the old General's come: upon my conſci-
That joy will make half the Court drunk. Hark the Trumpet,
They are coming on; away.
1 *Ser.* We'll have a Rowſe too. *Exit.*
Enter Duke, Archas, Barris, Borosky, *and Gentlemen.*
Duk. Come ſeat your ſelves: Lord *Archas* ſit you there.
Ar. 'Tis far above my worth.
Duk. 'Tis here I'le have it ſo:
Are all things ready?
Bor. All the Guards are ſet,
The Court Gates ſhut.
Duk. Then do as I prescrib'd you.
Be ſure no farther.
Bor. I ſhall well obſerve you.
Duk. Come bring ſome Wine: here's to my Siſter Gentlemen;
A Health, and much to all.
Ar. Pray fill it full Sir.
'Tis a high Health to Vertue: here Lord *Barris*,
A Maiden Health: you are more fit to pledge it,
You have a Maiden Soul, and much I honour it.
Paſſion o' me, you are ſad Man.
Du. How now *Barris*.
Go to, no more of this.
Ar. Take the Rowſe freely.
'Twill warm your Blood, and make you fit for jollity,
Your Graces Pardon: when we get a Cup Sir,
We old Men prate a pace.
Du. Mirth makes a Banquet;
As you love me no more.
Bar. I thank your Grace.
Give me it; Lord *Borosky*.
Boroſ. I have ill Brains Sir:
Bar. Damnable ill, I know it.

Boroſ.

Boyſ. But Ile pledge Sir
This vertuous Health.
Bu. The more unfit for thy Mouth
Du. Come, bring out Robes, and let my
Fit for my Love and Preference
Off with your Cloaks, take new.
Ar. Your Grace deals truly
Like a munificent Prince, with
Who would not fight for you? what cold dull Coward
Durſt look to ſave his Life when you
Begin a new Health in your new Adornments,
The Dukes, the Royal Dukes; ah, what have I got
Sir? ah! the robe of Death!
Duk. You have deſerv'd it.
Ar. The Livery of the Grave? do you
Do I ſmell of Earth already? Sir look
And like a Man; is this your
Do you
Enter a Guard.
A Guard upon me too? this is too
Boy to thy good, thine Honour; thou
Thou Son of Fools and Flatterers, Heirs
Am I ſerv'd in a Hearſe that ſav'd you all?
Are you Men or Devils? do you gape
Wider, and ſwallow all my Services?
Entomb them firſt, my Faith next, then my
And let theſe ſtuggle with your mangy Minds,
Your
Boyſ. Theſe words are Death.
Ar. No thoſe Deeds that want rewards, Sirrah,
Thoſe Battles I have fought, thoſe horrid Dangers,
Leaner then Death, and wilder then Deſtruction,
I have march'd upon, theſe honour'd Wounds,
The Blood I have loſt, the Youth, the Sorrows
Theſe are my death, theſe that can ne'er be
Theſe that you ſit a brooding on like Toads,
Sucking from my Deſerts the Sweets and Favours,
And render me no pay again but Poiſons.
Bar. The proud vain Soldier thou haſt ſet——
Ar. Thou lyeſt.
Now by my little time of Life lyeſt baſely,
Malitiouſly and loudly: how I ſcorn thee?
If I had ſweld the Soldier, or intended
An Act in Perſon, leaning to diſhonour,
As you would fain have forced me, witneſs Heaven,
Where cleareſt underſtanding of all Truth is,

(For

(For these are frightful Men, and know no pity)
When Ots came, grim Ots, when his Marches,
His last [illegible] made the City sweat,
And drove [illegible] like a Storm drives Hail,
Such showers of [illegible] about all your Theatre flings;
Then when the *Volgs* trembled at his Terror,
And hid his seven curl'd [illegible], afraid of hearing,
By his arm'd Ho[illegible], had I been [illegible],
Or blown a tre[illegible],
Had but one [illegible],
Ye'ad had fo[illegible],
Where was your [illegible]? why went not you out?
And all your right [illegible] Valour with you?
Why met you not the Z[illegible], and dar'd him?
Drew your dead-doing Sword, and fought with him?
Shot through his Squadrons like a fiery Meteor?
And as we see a dreadful [illegible],
Rend the stiff hearted O[illegible],
Why did not you so [illegible],
You that dare taint my C[illegible],
Stewing and fainting with [illegible],
A whorson shaking [illegible],
Blush Coward blush, and [illegible],
Duk. Exceed not my [illegible],
Bur. I shall deserve it.
Ar. Are you gone too? [illegible],
Good loving Lord, no more Tears: [illegible],
This Fellow's Mutiny, nor the Devil,
By bold bad Men, crowded into his [illegible],
Can startle me: Fortune ne'er [illegible] you:
I am the same, the same Man, always dying;
The same Mind to 'em both, I prize this equal;
Only the Jugling way that told me to it,
The *Judas* way, to betray me, but his welcome,
And cut my Throat, a [illegible] upon me.
Farwel, commend me to his Grace, and tell him,
The World is full of Servants, he may have many:
And some I will [illegible] himself: he's undone else:
But such another [illegible] never,
So try'd and touch'd [illegible]: farewel for ever.
Bur. Be strong my Lord: you must not go thus lightly.
Ar. Now what's to do? what says the Duke unto me?
Give me my great Offence that speaks me guilty,
Bur. Laying aside a thousand petty Misdeeds,
As Scorns and Insolencies, both from your [illegible] and followers,
Which you put first fire to, and these are deadly,

I come to one main Cauſe, which though it carries
A Strangeneſs in the Circumſtance, it carries Death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither: you have done a Sacrilege.
Ar. High Heaven defend me Man: how, how *Bevedy*?
Ber. You have took from the Temple thoſe vow'd Arms,
The holy Ornament you hung up there,
No abſolution of your Vow, no order
From Holy Church to give 'em back more you
After they were purified from War, and reſted
From Blood, made clean by Ceremony: from the Alta
You ſnatch'd 'em up again, again you ſtain'd 'em,
Again you ſtain'd your Vow, the Church too,
And rob'd it of that right was none of yours Sir,
For which the Law requires your Head, you know it.
Ar. Thoſe Arms I fought in laſt? *Ber.* The ſame.
Ar. God a Mercy.
Thou haſt hunted out a notable Cauſe to kill me:
A Subtle one: I [illegible]
Good Sir [illegible]
The ſuddainneſs of [illegible]
I was entreated to, [illegible]
The Duke himſelf, [illegible]
The cries of [illegible]
Prieſts find out [illegible]
This will undo [illegible]
The Deed [illegible]
Becauſe my [illegible]
The preſent [illegible]
Ber. It muſt and ſhall.
Ar. O baſe [illegible]
Have you no other [illegible]
But mine own nobleneſs? I confeſs, I took 'em,
The Vow not yet abſolv'd, I hung 'em up with:
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce *Tartars* Blood; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar ſafety, Lord, for all,
I wore 'em for my Countries Health, that ground them:
Took from the Temple, to preſerve the Temple,
That Holy Place, and all the Sacred Monuments,
The reverent ſhrines of Saints, ador'd and honour'd,
Had been confum'd to Aſhes, their own Sacrifice,
Had I been ſlack, or ſtaid that Abſolution,
No Prieſt had liv'd to give it; my own Honour
Cure of my Country murder me?
Ber. No, no Sir,
I ſhall force that from you, will make this caſe light too,

away

Away with him: I ſhall pluck down that Heart Sir.
Ar. Break it thou may'ſt; but if it bend, for pity;
Dogs and Kites eat it: come, I am Honours Martyr. *Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Duke *and* Burris.

Du. Exceed my Warrant?
Bur. You know he loves him not.
Du. He dares as well meet Death as do it, eat Wildfire;
Through a few Fears I mean to try his goodneſs,
That I may find him fit to wear, here *Burris*;
I know *Borosky* hates him, to Death hates him,
I know he's a Serpent too, a ſwoln one *Noiſe within.*
But I have pull'd his Sting out; what noiſe is that?
The. Within. Down with 'em, down with the Gates.
Sold. Within. Stand, ſtand, ſtand.
Putſ. Within. Fire the Palace before ye.
Bur. Upon my Life the Soldier, Sir, the Soldier,
A miſerable time is come. *Enter Gent.*
Gent. O ſave him,
Upon my Knees, my hearts Knees, ſave Lord *Archas*,
We are undone elſe.
Du. Dares he touch his Body?
Gent. He racks him fearfully, moſt fearfully.
Du. Away *Burris*,
Take Men, and take him from him; clap him up,
And if I live, I'll find a ſtrange Death for him: *Ex. Bur.*
Are the Soldiers broke in?
Gent. By this time ſure they are Sir,
They beat the Gates extreamly, beat the People.
Du. Get me a Guard about me: make ſure the Lodgings,
And ſpeak the Soldiers fair.
Gent. Pray Heaven that take Sir. *Exit.*
Enter Putsky, Ancient, *Soldiers with Torches.*
Put. Give us the General, we'll fire the Court elſe,
Render him ſafe and well,
An. Do not fire the Cellar,
There's excellent Wine in't, Captain, and though it be cold (weather,
I do not love it mull'd: bring out the General,
We'll light you, ſuch a Bonfire elſe; where are you?
Speak, or we'll toſs your Turrets, peep out of your Hives
We'll ſmoak you elſe: is not that a Noſe there?
Put out that Noſe again, and if thou dar'ſt
But blow it before us: now he creeps out on's Burrough.
Putſ. Give us the General. *Enter Gent.*
Gent. Yes, Gentlemen;

Or any thing you can desire.
Anc. You Musk-cat
Cordevan-skin, we will not take your answer.
Put. Where is the Duke? speak suddenly and send him hither.
Anc. Or we'll so fry your Buttocks!
Gent. Good sweet Gentlemen——
Anc. We are neither good, nor sweet, we are Soldiers
And you Miscreants that abuse the General,
Give fire my Boys 'tis a dark Evening,
Let's light 'em to their Lodgings.
Enter Olimpia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, *Women.*
Hon. Good Brother be not fierce.
The. I will not hurt her,
Fear not sweet Lady.
Ol. May do what you please Sir,
I have a Sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more, contemns all danger. *Enter* Duke *above.*
The. Where is the Duke?
Du. He's here; what would you Soldiers? wherefore troop ye
Like mutinous Mad-men thus?
The. Give me my Father.
Put. Anc. Give us our General.
The. Set him here before us,
You see the Pledge we have got; you see these Torches?
All shall to Ashes, as I live, immediately,
A thousand lives for one.
Du. But hear me?
Put. No, we come not to dispute. *Enter* Archas *and* Bur.
The. By Heaven I swear he's rackt and whipt.
Hon. O my poor Father! *Put.* Burn, kill and burn.
Ar. Hold, hold I say: hold Soldiers,
On your Allegiance hold.
The. We must not.
Ar. Hold:
I swear by Heaven he is a barbarous Traitor first first,
A Villan, and a Stranger to Obedience,
Never my Soldier more, nor Friend to honour:
Why did you use your old Man thus? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak Body? I ever lov'd you.
Du. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble *Archas.*
Ar. I have blame enough for all my hurts: weep no more Sir,
A Satisfaction for a thousand Sorrows:
I do believe you innocent, a good Man,
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me.
Why look you wild my Friends? why stare you on me?
I charge you as you are Men, my Men, my Lovers,

As

As you are honeſt faithful Men, fair Soldiers,
Let down your Anger: Is not this our Soveraign,
The Head of Mercy and of Law? who dares then,
But Rebels ſcorning Law, appear thus violent?
Is this a place for Swords? for threatning Fires?
The Reverence of this Houſe dares any touch,
But with obedient Knees, and pious Duties?
Are not we all his Subjects? all ſworn to him?
Has not he power to puniſh our Offences?
And not we daily fall into 'em? aſſure your ſelves
I did offend and highly, grievouſly,
This good ſweet Prince I offended, my Life forfeited,
Which yet his Mercy, and his old Love met with,
And only let me feel his light Rod this way:
You are to thank him for your General,
Pray for his Life, and Fortune: ſweat your Bloods for him.
You are Offenders too, daily Offenders,
Proud Inſolencies dwell in your Hearts, and you do 'em,
Do 'em againſt his Peace, his Law, his Perſon;
You ſee he only Sorrows for your Sins,
And where his Power might perſecute, forgives you:
For ſhame put up your Swords, for honeſty,
For orders ſake and whoſe you are, my Soldiers,
Be not ſo rude.

The. They have drawn Blood from you Sir.

Ar. That was the Blood rebel'd, the naughty Blood,
The proud provoking Blood; 'tis well 'tis out Boy;
Give you example firſt; draw out, and orderly.

Hon. Good Brother do

Ar. Honeſt and high Example,
As thou wilt have my Bleſſing follow thee,
Inherit all mine Honours: thank you *Theodore*,
My worthy Son.

The. If harm come, thank your ſelf Sir;
I muſt obey you. *Exit.*

Ar. Captain, you know the way now:
A good Man, and a valiant; you were ever,
Inclin'd to honeſt things: I thank you Captain. *Ex. Soul.*
Souldiers, I thank you all: and love me ſtill,
But do not love me ſo to loſe Allegiance,
Love that above your lives: once more I thank you.

Du. Bring him to reſt, and let our Cares wait on him;
Thou excellent old Man, thou top of honour,
Where Juſtice and Obedience only build,
Thou ſtock of Vertue, how am I bound to love thee?
In all thy noble ways to follow thee?

Bur. Remember him that vext him Sir,
Du. Remember!
When I forget that Villany, and to pay him
For all his miſchiefs, may all good thoughts forget me.
Ar. I am very ſore,
Du. Bring him to bed with eaſe Gentlemen,
For every ſtrip Ile drop a tear to waſh 'em,
And in my ſad Repentance——
Ar. 'Tis too much,
I have a Life yet left to gain that Love Sir. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V.

Enter Duke, Burris, *and* Gentlemen.

Duk. HOW do's Lord *Archas* yet?
Bur. But weak an't pleaſe you,
Yet all the helps that Art can, are applied to him;
His Heart's untouch'd, and whole yet; and no doubt Sir,
His Mind being ſound, his Body ſoon will follow.
Duk. O that baſe Knave that wrong'd him, without leave too;
But I ſhall find an Hour to give him thanks for't;
He's faſt I hope?
Bur. As faſt as Irons can keep him:
But the moſt fearful wretch——
Du. He has a Conſcience,
A cruel ſtinging one I warrant him,
A loaden one: But what news of the Soldiers?
I did not like their parting, 'twas too ſullen.
Bur. That they keep ſtill, and I fear a worſe clap:
They are drawn out of the Town, and ſtand in Counſels,
Hatching unquiet Thoughts, and cruel Purpoſes:
I went my ſelf unto 'em, talk'd with the Captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud Murmurs,
And deſperate Curſes, ſounding theſe words often
Like Trumpets to their Angers: we are ruin'd,
Our Services turn'd to Diſgraces, Miſchiefs,
Our brave old General, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd and whipt: the Colonel's Eyes like Torches,
Blaze every where and fright fair Peace.
Gent. Yet worſe Sir:
The News is currant now, they mean to leave you,
Leave their Allegiance: and under *Olins* charge
The bloody Enemy march ſtrait againſt you.

Bur.

Bur. I have heard this too, Sir:
Du. This muſt be prevented,
And ſuddenly, and warily.
Bur. 'Tis time, Sir,
But what to miniſter, or how?
Du. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't: ſuch Blows as theſe,
Equal Defences ask, elſe they diſpleaſe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 2. *Enter* Peteſca, *and Gentlewoman.*

Pet. Lord, what a Coile has here been with theſe Soldiers?
They are cruel Fellows.
Wo. And yet methought we found 'em
Handſome enough; I'll tell thee true, *Peteſca*,
I look'd for other manner of Dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd my ſelf; but where's my Lady?
Pet. In her old Dumps within; monſtrous melancholy;
Sure ſhe was mad of this Wench.
Wo. If ſhe had been a Man,
She would have been a great deal madder, I am glad ſhe is ſhifted.
Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her,
And yet I muſt confeſs ſhe ſtood in our Lights. [*Enter* Alinda:
What young thing's this?
Al. Good morrow beauteous Gentlewomen:
Pray you is the Princeſs ſtirring yet?
Wo. He has her Face.
Pet. Her very Tongue, and Tone too: her Youth upon him.
Al. I gueſs you to be the Princeſs's Women.
Pet. Yes, we are, Sir.
Al. Pray is there not a Gentlewoman waiting on her Grace,
You call *Alinda*?
Pet. The Devil ſure in her ſhape.
Wo. I have heard her tell my Lady of a Brother,
An only Brother that ſhe had: in Travel ——
Pet. Maſs, I remember that: this may be he too:
I would this thing would ſerve her. [*Enter* Olimpia.
Wo. So would I, Wench,
We ſhould love him better ſure: Sir, here's the Princeſs,
She beſt can ſatisfie you.
Al. How I love that Preſence!
O bleſſed Eyes, how nobly ſhines your Comforts!
Ol. What Gentleman is that?
Wo. We know not, Madam:
He ask'd us for your Grace; and as we gueſs it,
He is *Alinda*'s Brother.

Ol.

Ol. Ha! let me mark him:
My Grief has almoſt blinded me: her Brother!
By *Venus*, he has all her Sweetneſs upon him:
Two ſilver drops of Dew were never liker.
Al. Gracious Lady ——
Ol. That pleaſant Pipe he has too.
Al. Being my Happineſs to paſs by this way,
And having, as I underſtand by Letters,
A Siſter in your vertuous Service, Madam ——
Ol. O now my Heart, my Heart akes.
Al. All the Comfort
My poor Youth has, all that my Hopes have built me,
I thought it my firſt Duty, my beſt Service
Here to arrive firſt, humbly to thank your Grace
For my poor Siſter, humbly to thank your Nobleneſs,
That bounteous Goodneſs in you. *Ol.* 'Tis he certainly.
Al. That Spring of Favour to her: with my Life, Madam,
If any ſuch moſt happy Means might meet me,
To ſhew my Thankfulneſs.
Ol. What have I done, Fool?
Al. She came a Stranger to your Grace, no Courtier;
Nor of that curious Breed befits your Service;
Yet one, I dare aſſure my Soul, that lov'd you
Before ſhe ſaw you; doated on your Vertues;
Before ſhe knew thoſe fair Eyes long'd to read 'em.
You only had her Prayers, you her Wiſhes;
And that one Hope to be yours once, preſerv'd her.
Ol. I have done wickedly.
Al. A little Beauty,
Such as a Cottage breeds, ſhe brought along with her;
And yet our Country-eyes eſteem'd it much too:
But for her beauteous Mind, forget, great Lady,
I am her Brother, and let me ſpeak a Stranger:
Since ſhe was able to beget a Thought, 'twas honeſt,
The daily Study how to fit your Services,
Truly to tread that vertuous Path you walk in,
So fir'd her honeſt Soul, we thought her Sainted;
I preſume ſhe is ſtill the ſame: I would fain ſee her;
For, Madam, 'tis no little Love I owe her.
Ol. Sir, ſuch a Maid there was, I had ——
Al. There was, Madam?
Ol. O my poor Wench: Eyes, I will ever curſe you
For your Credulity, *Alinda*.
Al. That's her Name, Madam,
Ol. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament her.
Al. Is ſhe dead, Lady?

Ol. Dea-

Ol. Dead, Sir, to my Service.
She is gone, pray ask me no farther.
Al. I obey, Madam:
Gone? now muſt I lament too: ſaid you gone, Madam?
Ol. Gone, gone for ever.
Al. That's a cruel Saying:
Her Honour too?
Ol. Prithee look angry on me,
And if thou ever lovedſt her, ſpit upon me;
Do ſomething like a Brother, like a Friend,
And do not only ſay thou lov'ſt her —
Al. You amaze me.
Ol. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her;
Poor innocent Soul, I flung her; ſweet *Alinda*,
Thou vertuous Maid, my Soul now calls thee vertuous.
Why do ye not rail now at me?
Al. For what, Lady?
Ol. Call me baſe treacherous Woman.
Al. Heaven defend me.
Ol. Raſhly I thought her falſe, and put her from me,
Raſhly, and madly I betray'd her Modeſty,
Put her to wander, Heaven knows where; nay, more, Sir,
Stuck a black Brand upon her.
Al. 'Twas not well, Lady.
Ol. 'Twas damnable; ſhe loving me ſo dearly,
Never poor Wench lov'd ſo: Sir, believe me,
'Twas the moſt dutious Wench, the beſt Companion;
When I was pleas'd, ſhe happieſt, and the gladdeſt,
The modeſteſt ſweet Nature dwelt within her:
I ſaw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doated on it too, and yet I kill'd it:
O what have I forſaken? what have I loſt?
Al. Madam, I'll take my leave, ſince ſhe is wandring,
'Tis fit I know no reſt.
Ol. Will you go too, Sir?
I have not wrong'd you yet, if you dare truſt me,
For yet I love *Alinda* there, I honour her,
I love to look upon thoſe Eyes that ſpeak her,
To read that Face again, Modeſty keep me,
Alinda, in that ſhape: but why ſhould you truſt me,
'Twas I betray'd your Siſter, I undid her;
And believe me, gentle Youth, 'tis I weep for her:
Appoint what Penance you pleaſe: but ſtay then,
And ſee me perform it: ask what Honour this Place
Is able to heap on you, or what Wealth:
If following me will pleaſe you, my Care of you,

Which

Which for your Sister's sake, for your own Goodness ——
Al. Not all the Honour Earth has, now she's gone, Lady,
Not all the Favour; yet if I sought Preferment,
Under your bounteous Grace I would only take it.
Peace rest upon you: one sad Tear every Day
For poor *Alinda*'s sake, 'tis fit you pay. [*Exit.*
Ol. A thousand, noble Youth; and when I sleep,
Even in my silver Slumbers still I'll weep. [*Exit.*

Scene 3. *Enter Duke and Gentlemen.*

Du. Have you been with 'em?
Gent. Yes, an't please your Grace,
But no Persuasion serves 'em, nor no Promise,
They are fearful angry, and by this time, Sir,
Upon their March to the Enemy.
Du. They must be stopt. [*Enter* Burris.
Gent. I, but what Force is able? and what Leader! ——
Du. How now, have you been with *Archas*?
Bur. Yes, and't please you,
And told him all: he frets like a chaf'd Lyon,
And calls for his Arms, and all those honest Courtiers
That dare draw Swords. *Du.* Is he able to do any thing?
Bur. His Mind is well enough; and where his Charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full Army.
Du. Who commands the Rebels?
Bur. The young Colonel,
That makes the old Man almost mad: he swears, Sir,
He will not spare his Son's Head for the Dukedom.
Du. Is the Court in Arms?
Bur. As fast as they can bustle,
Every Man mad to go now: inspir'd strangely,
As if they were to force the Enemy.
I beseech your Grace to give me leave.
Du. Pray go, Sir,
And look to the old Man well; take up all fairly,
And let no Blood be spilt; take general Pardons,
And quench this Fury with fair Peace.
Bur. I shall, Sir,
Or seal it with my Service; they are Villains;
The Court is up: good Sir, go strengthen 'em,
Your Royal Sight will make 'em scorn all Dangers;
The General needs no Proof.
Du. Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

SCENE 4. *Enter* Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, *Soldiers, with Drums and Colours.*

The. 'Tis known we are up, and marching: no Submiſſion,
No Promiſe of baſe Peace can cure our Maladies,
We have ſuffer'd beyond all Repair of Honour:
Your valiant old Man's whipt; whipt, Gentlemen,
Whipt like a Slave: that Fleſh that never trembled,
Nor ſhrunk one Sinew at a thouſand Charges;
That noble Body rib'd in Arms, the Enemy
So often ſhook at, and then ſhunn'd like Thunder,
That Body's torn with Laſhes.
Anc. Let's turn Head.
Put. Turn nothing, Gentlemen, let's march on fairly,
Unleſs they charge us.
The. Think ſtill of his Abuſes,
And keep your Angers.
Anc. He was whipt like a Top,
I never ſaw a Whore ſo lac'd: Court School butter?
Is this their Diet? I'll dreſs 'em one running Banquet:
What Oracle can alter us? Did not we ſee him?
See him we lov'd?
The. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his Reverence for that time; is't fit, Gentlemen?
My noble Friends, is't fit we Men, and Soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?
Put. Forward:
They may call back the Sun as ſoon, ſtay Time,
Preſcribe a Law to Death, as we endure this.
The. They will make you all fair Promiſes.
Anc. We care not.
The. Uſe all their Arts upon you.
Anc. Hang all their Arts.
Put. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.
Anc. March apace then,
He is old and cannot overtake us.
Put. Say he do.
Anc. We'll run away with him: they ſhall never ſee him more:
The Truth is, we'll hear nothing, ſtop at nothing,
Conſider nothing but our way; believe nothing,
Not though they ſay their Prayers: be content with nothing,
But the knocking our their Brains: and laſt, do nothing,
But ban 'em and curſe 'em, till we come to kill 'em.
The. Remove them forwards bravely; keep your Minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em, ſhall be fatal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Archas, *Duke*, Burris, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

Ar. Peace to your Grace; take reſt, they are before us.
Gent. They are, Sir, and upon the March. [*Ex.* Du.
Ar. Lord *Burris*,
Take you thoſe Horſe and coaſt 'em: upon the firſt Advantage,
If they will not ſlack their March, charge 'em up roundly,
By that time I'll come in.
Bur. I'll do it truly. [*Exit.*
Gent. How do you feel your ſelf, Sir?
Ar. Well, I thank you;
A little weak, but Anger ſhall ſupply that.
You will all ſtand bravely to it?
All. Whilſt we have Lives, Sir.
Ar. You ſpeak like Gentlemen; I'll make the Knaves know,
The proudeſt and the ſtrongeſt hearted Rebel,
They have a Law to live in, and they ſhall have;
Beat up a-pace, by this time he is upon 'em,
And Sword, but hold me now, thou ſhalt play ever. [*Ex.*
Enter Drums beating, Theodore, Putskie, *Ancient, and their Soldiers.*
The. Stand, ſtand, ſtand cloſe and ſure;
The Horſe will charge us. [*Enter* Bur. *and* 1 *or* 2 *Soldiers.*
Anc. Let 'em come on, we have Provender fit for 'em.
Put. Here comes Lord *Burris*, Sir, I think to parley.
The. You are welcome, noble Sir, I hope to our part.
Bur. No, valiant Colonel, I am come to chide you,
To pity you; to kill you, if theſe fail me;
Fie, what Diſhonour ſeek you? What black Infamy!
Why do you draw out thus? draw all Shame with you?
Are theſe fit Cares in Subjects? I command you
Lay down your Arms again, move in that Peace,
That fair Obedience you were bred in.
Put. Charge us?
We come not here to argue.
The. Charge up bravely,
And hotly too, we have hot Spleens to meet you,
Hot as the Shames are offer'd us [*Enter* Arch. *Gent. and Sold.*
Bur. Look behind you,
Do you ſee that old Man? do you know him, Soldiers?
Put. Your Father, Sir, believe me ———
Bur. You know his Marches,
You have ſeen his Executions: is it yet Peace?
The. We'll die here firſt.

Bur.

Bur. Farewel: You'll hear on's presently.
Ar. Stay, *Burru*: this is too poor, too beggarly a Body
To bear the Honour of a Charge from me,
A sort of tatter'd Rebels; go provide Gallouses;
You are troubled with hot Heads, I'll cool you presently:
These look like Men that were my Soldiers,
Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,
My honest Friends: where got they these fair Figures?
Where did they steal these Shapes?
Bur. They are struck already.
Ar. Do you see that Fellow there; that goodly Rebel?
He looks as like a Captain I lov'd tenderly;
A Fellow of a Faith indeed.
Bur. He has sham'd him.
Ar. And that that bears the Colours there, most certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave Fellow,
A loving and obedient, that believe me, *Burru*,
I am amaz'd and troubled: and were it not
I know the general Goodness of my People,
The Duty, and the Truth, the stedfast Honesty,
And am assur'd they would as soon turn Devils
As Rebels to Allegiance, for mine Honour.
Bu. Here needs no Wars.
Put. I pray forgive us, Sir.
Anc. Good General forgive us, or use your Sword,
Your Words are double Death.
All. Good noble General.
Bur. Pray, Sir, be merciful.
Ar. Weep out your shames first,
You make me Fool for Company: Fie, Soldiers,
My Soldiers too, and play these Tricks. What's he there?
Sure I have seen his Face too; yes, most certain
I have a Son, but I hope he is not here now,
Would much resemble this Man, wondrous near him,
Just of his height and making too; you seem a Leader.
The. Good Sir, do not shame me more: I know your Anger,
And less than Death I look not for.
Ar. You shall be my Charge, Sir, it seems you want Foes,
When you would make your Friends your Enemies:
A running Blood you have, but I shall cure you.
Bur. Good Sir ——
Ar. No more, good Lord: beat forward, Soldiers:
And you, march in the Rear, you have lost your Places.

[*Exeunt:*

SCENE VI. *Enter Duke*, Olimpia, Honora, Viola.

Du. You ſhall not be thus ſullen ſtill, with me, Siſter,
You do the moſt unnobly to be angry;
For as I have a Soul, I never touch'd her,
I never yet knew one unchaſt Thought in her:
I muſt confeſs I lov'd her; as who would not?
I muſt confeſs I doated on her ſtrangely,
I offer'd all; yet ſo ſtrong was her Honour,
So fortify'd as fair, no Hope could reach her;
And whilſt the World beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be ſo jealous?

Ol. Good Sir pardon me,
I feel ſufficiently my Follies Penance,
And am aſham'd, that Shame a thouſand Sorrows
Feed on continually. Would I had never ſeen her,
Or with a clearer Judgment look'd upon her:
She was too good for me, ſo heavenly good, Sir,
Nothing but Heaven can love that Soul ſufficiently,
Where I ſhall ſee her once again. [*Enter* Burris.

Du. No more Tears,
If ſhe be within the Dukedom, we'll recover her:
Welcome, Lord *Burris*, fair News I hope.

Bu. Moſt fair, Sir,
Without one Drop of Blood theſe Wars are ended,
The Soldier cool'd again, indeed aſham'd, Sir,
And all his Anger ended.

Du. Where's Lord *Archas*?

Bur. Not far off, Sir: with him his valiant Son,
Head of this Fire, but now a Priſoner;
And if by your ſweet Mercy not prevented,
I fear ſome fatal Stroke. [*Drums.*

Enter Archas, Theodore, *Gentlemen*, *Soldiers.*

Du. I hear the Drums beat,
Welcome, my worthy Friend.

Ar. Stand where you are, Sir,
Even as you love your Country, move not forward,
Nor plead for Peace till I have done a Juſtice,
A Juſtice on this Villain; none of mine now,
A Juſtice on this Rebel.

Hon. O my Brother.

Ar. This fatal Firebrand ——

Du. Forget not, old Man,
He is thy Son of thine own Blood.

Ar. In theſe Veins

No

No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny,
I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong Rebels.
Duk. 'Tis his first Fault.
Ar. Not of a thousand Sir,
Or were it so, it is a Fault so mighty,
So strong against the Nature of all Mercy,
His Mother were she living, would not Weep for him;
He dare not say he would live.
The. I must not Sir,
Whilst you say it is not fit: your Grace's mercy
Not to my life apply'd, but to my fault Sir,
The World's forgiveness next; last, on my Knees Sir,
I humbly beg,
Do not take from me yet the Name of Father,
Strike me a thousand Blows, but let me dye yours.
Ar. He moves my Heart: I must be suddain with him;
I shall grow faint else, in my Execution;
Come, come Sir, you have seen Death; now meet him bravely.
Du. Hold, hold I say, a little hold, consider
Thou hast no more Sons, *Archas*, to inherit thee:
Ar. Yes Sir, I have another, and a Nobler:
No Treason shall inherit me: young *Archas*
A Boy, as sweet as young, my Brother breeds him,
My noble Brother *Brisky*, breeds him nobly,
Him let your favour find: give him your honour.
Enter Putsky (alias Brisky) *and* Alinda (alias Archas.)
Put. Thou hast no Child left *Archas*, none to inherit thee
If thou strik'st that stroke now: behold young *Archas*;
Behold thy Brother here, thou bloody Brother,
As bloody to this Sacrifice as thou art:
Heave up thy Sword, and mine's heav'd up: strike *Archas*,
And I'll strke too, as suddenly, as deadly:
Have Mercy, and I'll have Mercy: The Duke gives it,
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee,
Choose quickly, and begin.
Du. On your Obedience,
On your Allegiance save him.
Ar. Take him to you, [*Sold. shows.*
And sirrah, be an honest Man, you have reason:
I thank ye worthy Brother; welcome Child,
Mine one sweet Child.
Du. Why was this Boy concealed thus?
Put. Your Grace's Pardon:
Fearing the Vow you made against my Brother
And that your Anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his Family,

This

This Young Boy, to preſerve from after danger,
Like a young Wench, hither I brought; my ſelf
In the Habit of an ordinary Captain
Diſguis'd, got Entertainment, and ſerv'd here
That I might ſtill be ready to all Fortunes:
The Boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a Girl, *Alinda*, Madam.
Ol. Stand away,
And let me look upon him.
Du. My young Miſtriſs?
This is a ſtrange Metamorphoſis, *Alinda*,
Al. Your Graces humble Servant.
Du. Come hither Siſter:
I dare yet ſcarce believe mine Eyes? how they view one ano-
Doſt thou not love this Boy well? (ther?
Ol. I ſhould lye elſe,
Truſt me, extreamly lye Sir.
Du. Didſt thou never wiſh *Olimpia*,
It might be thus?
Ol. A thouſand times.
Du. Here take him:
Nay, do not bluſh: I do not jeſt; kiſs ſweetly:
Boy, you kiſs faintly Boy; Heaven give you Comfort:
Teach him, he'll quickly learn: there's two Hearts eas'd now.
Ar. You do me too much honour Sir.
Duk. No *Archas*,
But all I can, I will; can you love me? ſpeak truly.
Hon. Yes Sir, dearly.
Du. Come hither *Viola*, can you Love this Man?
Viol. I'll do the beſt I can Sir.
Duk. Seal it *Burris*:
We'll all to Church together inſtantly:
And then a Vie for Boys; ſtay, bring *Borosky*. *Enter Borosky*
I had almoſt forgot that lump of Miſchief.
There *Archas*, take the Enemy to honour,
The Knave to worth: do with him what thou wilt.
Ar. Then to my Sword again; you to your Prayers;
Waſh off your Villanies, you feel the Burthen.
Bor. Forgive me 'ere I die, moſt honeſt *Archas*;
'Tis too much honour that I periſh thus;
O ſtrike my Faults to kill them that no Memory,
No black and blaſted Infamy hereafter———
Ar. Come, are you ready?
Bor. Yes.
Ar. And truly penitent, to make your way ſtraight?
Bor. Thus I waſh off my Sins.

Ar.

Ar. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honeſt Man; I ſcorn Mens ruine:
Take him again, Sir, try him: and believe
This thing will be a perfect Man.
Du. I take him.
Ber. And when I fail thoſe Hopes, Heaven's Hopes fail me.
Duk. You are old: no more Wars Father:
Theodore take you the Charge, be General.
The. All good Bleſs you.
Duk. And my good Father, you dwell in my Boſom,
From you riſe all my good Thoughts: when I would think
And examine Time for one that's fairly Noble,
And the ſame Man through all the ſtraights of Vertue,
Upon this Silver Book I'll look, and read him.
Now forward merrily to *Hymens* Rights,
To Joys and Revels, Sports, and he that can
Moſt honour *Archas*, is the nobleſt Man. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Lately Printed the *Northern Laſs*; or, The *Neſt* of *Fools*. The *Royal Merchant*; or, *Beggars Buſh*. Both Comedies.